Furrottica

Finest in Furversion©

Issue Number 2

Furrottica

Finest in Furversion!!©

Issue #2, October 1994

Fox In Charge Of Stuff	Text Guy (who cahn't spel)	Pictures and Stuff like dat	Keeping Everything From Dissolving Into Chaos!
SilverFox	**Brian L. Miller**	**Scot Masters**	**Annette C. Miller**

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Furrottica #2 is Copyright SilverFox Publications 1994. All material listed above is © of the respective artist or author. No material may be reprinted without permission, by any medium, either print or electronic, except for review with proper credit. Stand back, I don't know what's gonna happen! "I guess we really do taste like chicken!", said one lesbian frog to the other. Man who lick pussy end up with furry tongue!

Subscriptions: FurryPhile is sold on an issue by issue basis. Subscriptions are $14.00 per three issues (shipping and handling already included). Single issues are available at $5.00. Please include $1.50 for S/H on single issues, or $3.00 for second-day delivery. Make checks/MO payable to Brian Miller or Annette Miller.

See you in January at Confurence 6 and Our next issue in March!! Yip!!

From The Fox's Den

(or, Some Random Foxing Around)

Greeting Yips:

Hiyo, again, all you faithful furry fans! (known also as Screamingfanboyz) The fox here, welcoming you to the second issue of Furrottica, at the news that's unfit to print (but we do it anyway!!) I'd like to extend a personal thank you to all the ~~slavering furverts~~ loyal fans who made our first issue such a screaming success. I was truly overwhelmed. (I had no idea that furries with no clothes had such an attraction! Yeah, right!) We hope that you'll keep coming back to us. We try and give you what you want!

Some Gracious Acknowledgments:

Some folks are unsung heroes i our company, so we thought it'd be nice to sing them (Maestro, if you please!):

Heather, DeeDee, and *Lynn* down at Office Depot. Thanks for all your help. I know the trouble wasn't **your** fault!

Our gracious *Postal Workers at Station 39534*, for their undying loyalty, faith, and the ability to read the words :**DO NOT BEND** on a package!

Ed Zolna of Mailbox Books, a prince if there ever was one. (Buy, buy, buy, he's got it all!), for carrying our good name all around the world.

Our printer, *Jim Redd* of furBALL magazine (another fine ~~spooge rag~~ adult publication). Thanx, Panda, you're a lifesaver!

And all of our fine contributors:

Brian and Annette Miller (My human friends), *Mark Freid, Pelzig, Adrian Fields, Ted Sheppard, Roy Plamann, Gary Akins, Jr., Brian Swords, Richard Brooks, E'lantii, Mike Reed, Bryon Havraneck, Andros Sturgeon, Scot Masters,* and *Matt Henry.* Our thanks for your fine work, keep it up, we'll all be famous (someday!)

A Special Thank You:

To David Bliss (Rivercoon), for coming through at the last minute with the illustrations for two of our stories. Our writers (Brian Miller and Rich Brooks) are really appreciative. (Our other artists: we are looking for illustrators. An open invitation is extended. I love all of our artists in the magazine, and really do thank **all** of you for all the hard work you've done. You are the tops and deserve special recognition!)

Yeah, But:

What about the other projects that we've worked on?

Not everybody is aware of the fine Art Portfolios that SFP artists have put together. Each one is a twelve plate, 8.5x11" hard card stock set, with EACH PLATE **INDIVIDUALLY** SIGNED by its' artist. Truly a collector's item. To the seven artists: Mark, Roy, Brian, Annette, Gary, London, and Pelzig, a mighty thank you! When the sales pick up, we hope to say thank you in another way....

New Projects in the works:

SFP is currently hard at work on our next project, the 1995 Furricheescake Calendar. If you budding artists out there would like to be considered for it, please, our deadline is 10 DEC (OK, Roy?)

Also hard at work is our game department, working on F.U.R.I.S., our projected role-playing game, hopefully to be released next June. Anybody wanting in, just contact us.

Issue number three is set for release 15 March, deadline for submissions is 10 Feb. (we've learned by experience that we need it all early!)

Censorship Sucks:

Recently, SFP had a neat little experience with someone refusing to print our work, which almost resulted in a civil rights lawsuit. We here at SilverFox represent freedom, the right to view what the hell you want, to read what you want, so if they don't like my stuff, fuck 'em! We do not censor here, except kiddy porn which I do not tolerate (I'm a father of two young kits!). So feel free to express yourself and screw those that don't like it!

Speaking of Expressing Yourself:

Our letters column ("In Heat"), promised last issue, is notoriously absent this time around. Why? NO LETTERS!! We'd like to get some feedback from you, to see how we are doing. Give us a minute and $0.29, okay? Our contributors have been bugging us no end!!

Any Special Requests?:

We'd like to know what you'd like to see here in Furrottica. We can do ANYTHING (given enough time, eh?) We've already had: bondage, incest, lesbianism, romantic interspecies love, sexy penguins, and the proper use of condoms. We're open to suggestions from all **com**ers!

See ya next time!

SilverFox!

TERRIE SMITH ©90

HENRY

Annette C Milby
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Dog and Butterfly

By Annette Miller

Kail sat at the riverside cooking a meager dinner for himself. He looked up at the increasing clouds and sighed. '*Well, even wolven mercenaries get rained on occasionally.*' He chuckled at his own joke.

Kail was beginning to wish he'd never taken this particular job. The local government wanted a bunch of off-world slavers stopped. They had been hunting a particular race which was slowly dying out. The politicians were trying to remain on the public's good side by hiring the best merc around to stop them.

Eyeing the darkening sky once more, Kail threw his weapons into the shelter he had set up. The wolf was disgusted with the whole thing, and now he was about to get soaking wet. "Life just ain't fair!" he muttered. Kail ate dinner, and crawled into his temporary home just as the first rain drops fell.

He dozed, thinking about checking out the slaver's compound the next day. Kail just wanted to get off this hell-hole world and crawl into a nice warm bar somewhere. He smiled, '*Preferably one with nice warm "ladies", too.*'

A little after midnight, Kail was roused by a loud commotion. Sticking his head out, he looked around, estimating the sounds to be coming from his right. He grabbed his laser rifle and prepared for trouble. What he saw was <u>completely</u> unexpected.

A girl, not more than two feet tall, came bursting into the clearing. She had large butterfly wings which she wrapped tightly around her. Antenna were coming off the top of her head, extruding through her white hair. Her face looked as if she had been beaten, the paleness accentuating her large black eyes. An ugly collar hung around her neck.

"Come on! She went this way!" Kail heard a voice say. The girl turned frightened eyes to him. The wolf stared at her for a moment, then shoved her into his tent. He threw some blankets on her and told her to be quiet. Hiding his rifle, Kail leaned back on one elbow and stretched his legs out. He frowned as the ground's wetness soaked through his clothes and into his fur. '*Another damn inconvenience of this planet,*' he thought.

Three hunters burst into the clearing. Kail turned his eyes toward them. One was a large rabbit, the second, a wolf like himself, the final being a catlike creature which appeared to be their leader. "Can I help you gents?" Kail asked, in a quiet, controlled voice.

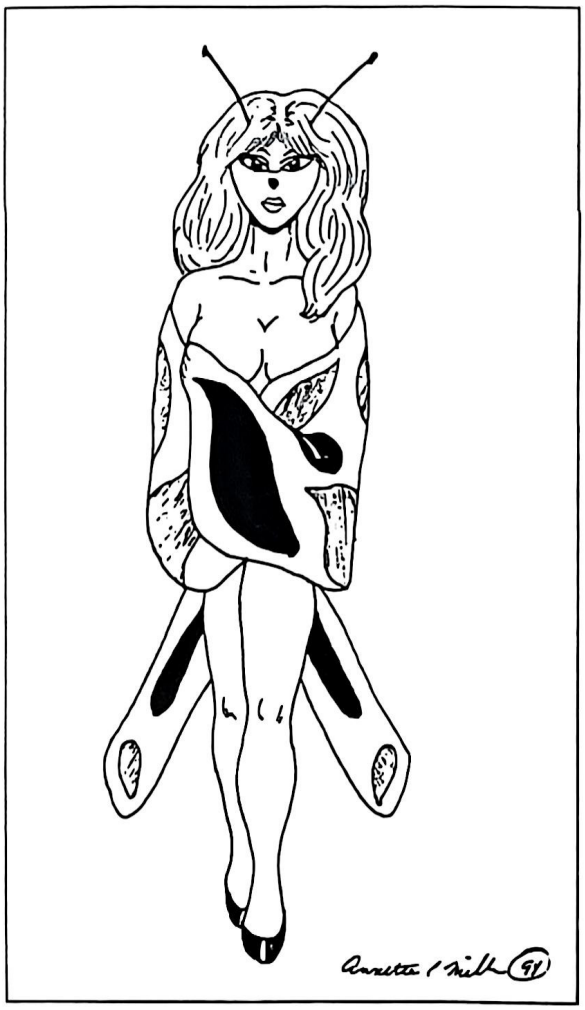
The cat stepped forward. "We're looking for a girl. She's about two foot high, wings, and things stickin' out of her head. You seen her?"

Kail's nose twitched with anger, but there was no sign of it in his voice as he replied. "No, only you guys. What do you want with her, anyway?"

"She's our property," the cat growled. "We paid good money for her!"

Kail rose to his feet. "I'll be sure to tell her if I see her. Now, why don't you hit the road, huh? I'm tired." He yawned in the cat's face, making sure all his fangs showed.

"We'll check back with you." The three of them took off back into the woods. Kail smiled. He just <u>loved</u> intimidating people. The wolf turned to his tent and pulled the blankets off the girl



"Don't you just love slavers? They're such kindly folk," he said smiling at the girl. She appeared so lost and helpless. "It's okay to laugh, you know. It would help my ego if you'd appreciate my jokes." She just looked at him. "Aren't you going to say anything?" She shook her head. "Well, at least let me get that collar off of you." Kail pulled out a small pocket knife to cut it off, and she scrambled away backwards.

Her wings opened and Kail realized why she had kept them so tightly wrapped around her. Underneath, she was nude, her small body covered with bruises and welts. He also saw what looked like knife wounds along the tops of her breasts.

"You poor kid. Stay put a second." Kail grabbed his duffel bag and drew out one of his T-shirts. "Here, put this on." He pulled it over her head. When she put her arms through, he realized there was a problem. The shirt bunched up where her wings joined her body.

"I gotta cut some slits in the shirt, for your wings. Don't be afraid, I won't hurt, okay?" She nodded slightly. Kail pulled the shirt all the way down. Making mental notes, he got the small knife and sliced open two large slits. The wolf gently worked her wings through and noticed they were covered with a fine, powdery dust. He remembered that butterflies needed that dust or they died. Kail handled her wings as little as possible, just to be sure.

"Better?" Kail asked. She nodded her assent. "Will you trust me to get that thing off your neck now?" She nodded again, with just a slight hesitation. He leaned her head over, and with a quick slice, it was off.

"That wasn't bad, was it?" She shook her head. "You got a name?" She nodded, scratching in the dirt. The butterfly girl wrote out "**M'Rell**" in the dust. "M'Rell, huh? That's nice. Can you talk?" She emitted a funny chirping sound, way up at the end of the range. Kail wrinkled up his muzzle. "Well, that won't work, will it? I don't carry a translator with me, either. I got one back on my ship, but not here in the camp."

Suddenly he felt a wave of emotion roll over him. He experienced sorrow, fear, and gladness all at once. As he tried to recover his senses, Kail looked at M'Rell. "You're empathic, aren't you?" She smiled and nodded.

Kail felt very protective of M'Rell. Slavery went against every instinct the wolf had, but it was more than that. He really had no idea why.

He'd had his share of damsel saving, but none had affected him like this before. "Is there someplace I can take you? Do you have a home?" She shook her head and he "felt' *sadness.* "All taken by slavers?" He 'felt' *anger.* Kail stood up and paced.

When M'Rell saw his tail, she was fascinated. Sure, some of the slavers had tails, but she didn't care about them. She grabbed it and ran her hands along it.

Kail stopped dead. He looked over his shoulder and watched her face. The more she petted, the more he felt his knees getting weak. The wolf gently pulled his tail free and 'felt' her *curiosity.*

"Look, if you keep doing that, well, I ...." He didn't know how to finish. He tried 'projecting' *lust* at her. Her eyes filled with tears and she began to lift the shirt. Kail grabbed her hands. "No, you misunderstand. I couldn't do that to you." He grabbed his tail. "This is one of my weak spots, understand?" M'Rell wiped her eyes and nodded. Kail tickled her face with it and she sneezed. He smiled at her.

She looked up at him and pointed to her antennas. He 'felt' *lust* wash over him quickly. Kail understood, "Those are your weak spots, huh?" She blushed and nodded. "Okay, I'll remember. C'mon, M'Rell. Let's get some sleep. We'll deal with the slavers later." Kail yawned loudly, M'Rell doing the same in a high pitched echo. They both crawled back into the tent and slept soundly.

The next morning, Kail crept soundlessly out of the tent. M'Rell was still sleeping and he didn't wish to disturb her. He thought about what he had to do and what his options were. He could take M'Rell back to the ship and let J.M. watch over her or he could take her with him. One way lost time and the other Kail felt was too dangerous.

He was getting breakfast together when he felt M'Rell's feathery touch on his shoulder. He looked back at her and smiled. The butterfly's hair was more disheveled than the night before and her eyes still held sleepiness. Kail figured it was the first good night sleep she'd had in a long time.

"Good morning, M'Rell. Sleep okay?" he asked. She nodded yes, sniffing the food he had been preparing. Her nose wrinkled and she frowned.

"Hey, I know it's not the greatest, but it's all I've got!" He looked at her curiously. "Is there something in particular you like?" She nodded. "What? Maybe I can get some." She shook her head no.

M'Rell stepped away from him and looked up into the trees. She smiled and, stretching out her wings to full span, took flight. Kail watched, thinking, "I gotta get that girl some pants!"

HEY!! YOU OUT THERE!!

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF FURROTTICA AND FURRYPHILE?

We here at SilverFox Publications would like to hear from you!! Our letters columns ("Hounds at the Door" and "In Heat") are still waiting for your input. We'd like to hear what you, our ~~adoring~~ reading public have to say!!

Drop us a line at:

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And we'll be sure to publish your letters in our next issue. Write us today, we're lonely out here!!!!

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AKEMS
GARY
JR.

E'LANTII LETTERS 2

By E'lantii

Hi again! This is E'lantii, from the previous letter. I've been writing down my experiences for your enjoyment here in Furrottica. In case you didn't see my first letter, it tells about my first sex experience, and ended up with a note to see my next letter. Here it is. It's all about my experience at summer camp. I'm a twenty-*ann* old vixen now, but then I was just thirteen. I'd pretty much reached my full development (almost), with sleek ebon body fur contrasted with a dark vermilion chest ruff. My hair was down to my mid-back, a couple shades darker red than my chest and throat. I was slim, firmly-chested, and (according to my brother, Keff) the most beautiful vixen the Goddess ever created. I'm glad somebody thought so, 'cause I was just plain E'lantii to me.

It was approaching the end of the school year, and our parents called my older brother Keff and I together to give us a surprise. They thought it would be nice if we were to get away on our own, meet new foxes, see other parts of the country. We both looked at each other, thinking, "Great! Together!" Our parents didn't know then (and still don't now) that Keff and I were occasional den partners (At least whenever they weren't home). Then the other boot dropped. I'd be going to a retreat center about two hundred *kea* from home, with Keff going roughly the same distance in the other direction! We both weathered it well, smiling and happy on the outside, but on the inside I felt horrible. I knew it was only going to be a *q'kia* apart, but it felt like forever. The night before we left Keff gave me a terrific mounting, to make sure I didn't forget him. (As if I could!)

I managed a quick muzzlelick with Keff right before I left that morning for camp. With no other option, I decided to enjoy myself the best way I knew how. It took about three hours by gev to get to the camp. It was one of those places named after our ancestors, Camp Ti'kanitha, to remind us of our history. It didn't look like a bad place. I went into the registrar, and signed in. As one of the "Elder Kits" (THAT made my tail bush!!), I was lucky. Instead of a pack-den of twelve (complete with den-mother), I got a two-fox den. I dragged my bags in and looked around. It was small, but had separate alcoves with each den-couch, private personal facility, and a carpeted center den. I dropped my stuff on one of the den-couches and began to unpack. It seemed like I'd brought enough clothes to last a whole *ann*, including something I'd never worn (and my parents didn't know about). Keff had gotten me the tiniest swimpair he could find. It barely covered my breasts and kit-hole. All of my butt hung out, except for that wonderful place just beneath my tail. Keff said the silver of the suit set off my black fur beautifully. (I'd modeled it for him several times!)

After forever plus two hours, I had everything put away, and my CVX playing music. I stretched out on my den-couch. There was no sign of the other occupant. Maybe I'd gotten lucky again, and would have the whole place to myself. I must have drifted off to sleep, because the next thing I heard was an unfamiliar vixen's voice saying, "Hey, fox!" I rolled over and got a good look at the vixen who was to be sharing the next few *kaea* with me (and would soon become my best friend.) I ran my eyes up and down her. She was taller than me by a few *centa*, but just as well shaped. Her hair was raven-black, even deeper than my fur color. It set off her pelt nicely, her fur being the most golden I'd ever seen. In short, this other vixen was beautiful.

I got up off the couch and stuck a paw out to her. "*Hoya*! I'm E'lantii. You my new denmate?" She swept into the room and grabbed my paw with her own, giving mine a quick shake. "Yeah. I'm A'shaaya. Pleased." She threw about four travel kits up on the other den-couch. "Okay, I'm moved in. Let's go find some guys!!" It didn't take me very long to figure out A'shaaya was male-crazy.

Over the next few days, we began becoming more comfortable with each other, learning about each other's home, school, family, friends. A deep friendship sprang up almost over night between us, two good friends. It made my whole camp experience worthwhile. The two of us became inseparable, making a wonderful contrast. My ebon fur, and her flaming gold, was in every fox's eyes as we went to the pool. My sunshades hid my eyes, so they couldn't tell I was watching them stare at A'shaaya and me. I could see more than a few males unsheathe in their hipstraps, as they stared at the two of us. Goddess! It made me so hot, I wished Keff was there. As it was, I had to make do with my own paws (when A'shaaya wasn't around.)

With all the structured activities of the camp, it wasn't until the end of the first *keaea* that we had an evening off, all to ourselves. I finally got my fur dry from the pool, and slid into my *a'kaa*-silk shirt (yeah, the same one from the last letter. It still fit, although it was a little tight around the chest.). I sat down in the middle of the den, and punched up a good CVX disk. A'shaaya peeked out of her den, looking both ways. "Psst...Tii!" We were down to each other's fam-name by then. "Look what I brought! *Jyagha*, finest blend!" She held up a small bag in her paw.

"But, Shia! I've never smoked before!" I was startled.

"C'mon! It'll be fun!" A'shaaya came out, long green robe around her. Her golden tail fanned out behind her, and the clingsilk robe crackled as she sat down. "I've done this before. We're okay as long as the old farts don't come down. Not likely on the keaeand." I'd never smoked *jyagha* before, since my parents didn't approve of "such habits in kits", but I knew Keff had and by the way she went about fixing her holder, that Shia had too. It didn't seem to have done either of them any harm so I figured what the heck! "Okay, show me what to do!"

A'shaaya held the inhaler end out, so I took it and pressed it up against my muzzle. "No, on your lips, fox!" Shia giggled, my inexperience a great source of amusement for her. I put it in, grabbing it with my teeth. (I'd have preferred something else in my mouth, but he was *kea* away!) A'shaaya lit the end and said, "Inhale slowly, Tii" I puffed in with my cheeks and through some miracle, actually got some inhaled. WOW! A low buzzing started in my ears as the *jyagha* filtered down into me. I could really grow to like this!

It was a good thing that A'shaaya had brought a lot of *jyagha* sticks. We must have sat there for over an hour, just comparing effects, talking, and babbling. A lot of our talk was tinged with dirty topics. Finally, I waved away the last of one stick. My head was buzzing and all I could think about was slipping away to my own den and my own paws. Thinking about males (and Keff especially) had gotten to me. But somehow, sitting with Shia helped. I didn't feel so densick. (Besides, I didn't want her to hear me in there playing with myself.)

I glanced over at A'shaaya. She was lying on her back against the edge of the center den and said, "Goddess, E'lantii! Did you see Rekk down by the pool today? He couldn't keep his eyes off the two most gorgeous vixens in the place!" Her tail rippled and her ears perked. "I wonder...."

"Wonder what?"

A'shaaya rolled up onto her knees, flashing her tail out behind. She stared at me intently. "Can I trust you, Tii? Can you keep my deepest darkest secret!?"

I nodded, wondering what it was all about. Shia looked both ways, like she thought someone would overhear. "Even though I talk like I'm real experienced," she stuttered out, "I, uh, I've never....." She blushed, her muzzle darkening.

"You mean you've never <u>been</u> with a male?" I supplied.

"That's right. I'm intact, I've never been mounted." Shia looked ashamed, like at thirteen *ann* she was supposed to have done it all. "Have you, Tii?" She kept staring, hanging on my every word.

"Yeah, Shia. I've mated with a male." The memory of that first time burned through my *jyagha*-drenched mind. My nipples exploded into erection and the fur around my kithole dampened. "It was great! You wouldn't believe it!"

"Tell me about it, Tii!" I could hear the suffused excitement in Shia's voice. I looked over at my vixenfriend. Her muzzle was parted, and her robe didn't hide the fact that her nipples were as hard and engorged as mine. For some reason, it sent a shiver of excitement through me, making my tail bush and my ears erect. "Okay. I promised I wouldn't tell anyone who he is, but I was eleven-*ann* and..." I began to tell Shia in great detail about the first time Keff and I mated. My eyes were closed, but I could hear Shia moving about a little. I talked on and on, becoming more and more aroused by a combination of the *jyagha* and my memories. I moved my thighs back and forth, not even considering that Shia was there. When I opened my eyes, I saw A'shaaya quickly slip her paw out of the folds of her robe. I shook as I realized what I had done: I'd gotten her turned on!

My bravery swelled over me again, like it had that first night with Keff. "You don't have to hide your fun from me, fox. We're best friends aren't we?" Shia jerked upright, realizing that she'd been caught.

"It's just that, Goddess, your story...." A'shaaya babbled, the *jyagha* and excitement catching up with her. "But you probably think I'm silly, you being so experienced and me never even really kissing a fox...." She looked about ready to cry. One tiny tear did escape.

Something in me broke. I leaned over and licked the side of her muzzle, wiping away the salt of the tear. Shia turned and began lapping at my lips, pulling my muzzle to hers. I couldn't believe it was my body that was responding this way to my vixenfriend. She smelled so sweet and spicy, and tasted even better. My paws went to her shoulders, pulling her gently to me. We parted muzzles, and looked at each other panting. A'shaaya had the deepest green eyes, now cloudy with arousal.

"Goddess, E'lantii! What are we doing?" She kept her paws around my neck, gently stroking my hair.

"I don't know, A'shaaya. Should we stop?" My body was silently screaming "*NO*", that I was aroused by my vixenfriend.

"How's this for an answer, fox?" Shia began licking my throat ruff. A small yip escaped me as she gently laved my throat. I held on to her shoulders, lapping gently at her ears. She went all around my muzzle with her velvet tongue. I felt like a river was flowing out of my kithole, down over my pads. Just these couple of minutes of contact with my beautiful friend was almost enough to make me explode.

I pushed A'shaaya away from me. She sat back on her pads, confused and disarrayed. "What....."

"Shia, are you going to tell anyone what happens?" A lingering doubt that we might be in trouble remained.

"Of course not, silly kit!" She smiled, edging her lips with her tongue. "Do you know that you taste great?"

"Well, if you're not going to talk and neither am I, let's have some fun!" I grabbed the bottom of my *a'kaa*-silk shirt and skinned it off over my head. I shook my hair out, dropping the shirt next to me. I faced A'shaaya on my knees, naked in my birth fur for her inspection. She sucked in her breath. "Goddess, you're beautiful, E'lantii!" She moved closer to me on her knees.

"Uh-uh, Shia!" I stopped her. "If I'm furred, **you're** furred!" My hands grabbed at the vixen's belt, untangling it. She shrugged her shoulders and it slid off, leaving her as nude as I was. I treated myself to a long look at A'shaaya. Her creamy chest fur didn't hide her aroused nipples; they were even bigger than mine! She was sleek and silky, gold and cream fur a fantastic contrast to my ebon and vermilion. Her pubic mound was furred in dark azure, and looked about as soaked as mine felt. "You're beautiful too, Shia. I've never seen a vixen like you!"

With that, I leaned over and pressed my muzzle against hers again. Our tongues flashed against each other as our bodies closed the intervening space between us. A'shaaya's breasts pressed against mine, her arms around my neck again. My own paws were at her waist pulling her as close as possible. We melded together, our bodies trying to become one. I could feel the heat of her as we whimpered and petted. Her tail looked like flashing sunshine behind her, constantly in agitated motion. My paws slid around the front of us.

I cupped Shia's breast, feeling the heat of the soft, furry orb. I flicked the nipple gently. A'shaaya's head went back and a growl escaped her throat. That was my opening. I lapped around her throat, gradually lowering down her chest. I licked her beautiful breasts, making the vixen shake. Over and over I pulled her nipples into my mouth, tonguing them roughly. Little nips kept her yipping softly, as her paws caressed the sides of my head, especially my ears.

I could smell how aroused my friend was. Her musk was a scent that begged investigation and I hoped I would get the chance. I left off of her tits, crushing her to me strongly. Our muzzles rubbed and I felt A'shaaya reaching for my breasts. Now it was my turn to enjoy.

I could feel waves of pleasure coursing from the aroused tips of my breasts as her velvety paws went all around them. My head tipped back, and my throat shook as Shia tongued me. She felt even more exciting than Keff, making my fur soaked with her spit. A'shaaya was a natural; she almost had me coming by doing my tits Neither of us had spoken more than a murmur since furring, but I could feel Shia mumbling into my nipples as her golden muzzle buried itself into my vermilion fur. I licked her ears, her eyelids, all over. Finally, my dear Shia had to take a break. If I looked like she did as she pulled away, I was truly a picture of a vixen bitch in heat. Her green eyes were glazed, ears erect, and muzzle soaked from our kissing and caressing. I knew we were teetering right on the edge. "Now to tip the balance!" I hoped to myself.

I slid my paws down her back, pressuring her toward me. Shia moved closer without hesitation, letting my knee part hers, pulling her moist center onto my thigh as I ground mine on her. Both of us began gently humping the other's leg. We looked like midnight and sunshine, her golden fur mixing with my ebon black. I could feel her juices soaking me as her paws stroked over my heaving body. I was flowing over as well, threatening to drown her leg as I pushed my love nest up and down on her. A'shaaya was whimpering as her peak approached. Her tongue and mine reached out, dueling as we rode each other to oblivion. Our tits were crushed between our chests, nipples flattened against each other. I knew our climax was imminent.

I knew just what to do to send A'shaaya over the edge. My paw snaked down to my thigh, where she was clamping her kithole to me. With a quick thrust, I found her opening. My thumb massaged Shia's pleasure bump as two fingers slipped up inside her sopping slit. She began humping onto my paw, crushing my body to her. My own cunt was on fire as she began to go over.

"Oh....Goddess, E'lan....tii! I'm.... going to....."

"Do it..... fox! All..... over.... me!!"

"Oh yes!....I'M..... **THERE**!!!" Her howl was accompanied by a fresh rush of fluids from her kithole. My fingers could feel the contractions of her orgasm, rhythmically squeezing me so strongly that I thought they'd break. A'shaaya spasmed as the feelings coursed through her, humping harder, pressing my paw onto my leg and forcing my fingers farther up inside her. I swear, I thought her howling would break the windows.

"Tii!!! ..... I..... GODDESS!!!! Her passion got to me. I could feel my own orgasm starting and dropped my other paw to my own foxhole. A couple of quick flicks against my clit sent me reeling over the top too. My box pulsed, and I soaked A'shaaya further. Both of our heads, yelps and howls escaping us both. We pulsated together, our breasts rubbing. My paws were soaked as I rubbed both our hot holes. Our bodies writhed in unison as electric shocks shot through us. It seemed forever, but slowly, surely, we came down. My spasms slacked off and I pulled my paws away from our groins, putting them back around A'shaaya's waist. Her eyes were closed and we were both still puffing. She opened her deep green eyes, grabbing me around the neck. We toppled to the floor of the den, snuggling together.

We lay there, glowing in the aftermath of our lovemaking. A'shaaya kept her eyes closed, but her tongue kept making forays around my muzzle, as mine did to her. Finally, she opened her eyes and stared deeply at me. "E'lantii. It was great, the best I've ever felt. But should we have...." Her question hung in the air. I answered for what we were both feeling.

"Shush, fox. Two good friends having a good time together. I enjoyed it. And I don't feel mounting guilty either!" I stuck my tongue out. "So there!!" My reaction broke us both up, sending us into giggling fits. Shia rolled over a little, so we were both on our backs, fur exposed to the world.

"So that's what sex is like with someone else." Shia's voice had a tinge of wonder. "It <u>definitely</u> didn't feel like it does when I do it myself." She looked at me and smiled. "I just never thought it would be another vixen. Especially someone as pretty as you. Almost as pretty as I am!" That sent us both back into gales of laughter. Good feelings spread through me, a happiness that only best friends could share. I leaned over and lapped at the edge of Shia's muzzle. "Oh, Goddess, Tii! You'll get me started again if you do that!" A'shaaya was still up in the clouds, the effect of the *jyagha* still roiling through both of us. I just looked at her and said. "So?!" With enthusiasm, Shia rolled into my arms.

"Uh-uh, not this time," I told my dear vixen friend. She looked hurt, like I was rejecting her. "This time I want a nice comfy den-couch under me and a warm furry vixen next to me!" I rolled up and grabbed A'shaaya's paws, pulling them to get her to her pads.

We struggled together, unsteady from the *jyagha* and the intensity of our orgasms until we finally collapsed on my den-couch. Shia was stretched out under me as we cuddled. I gently grabbed her throat in my teeth, nipping a bit deep. (I love doing that; for some reason, it really turns me on! I once bit Keff so hard that it broke the skin. He paid hell trying to explain that to Mom and Dad!) I felt my vixen lover shudder and heard her sigh as I gently mauled her. I was very careful; the last thing we needed was one of the old bitches that acted as councilors to see a throat nip. It seemed like she enjoyed it nearly as much as I did. Her hips were gently moving against me, her mound flattened against my leg again.

I let go of her throat, my paw passing over her nipples as my muzzle dipped down. I let my tongue follow my fingers down through her silky fur. My mouth sucked in her left breast, tasting her sweat and fur as her paws grabbed the back of my head, pressing my face to her body harder. I lapped at the bare stiff flesh of her nipple, making her whimper. Her paw slid to the back of my head, pushing me against her harder as her breathing increased. It was very apparent that A'shaaya was enjoying herself. Her thighs wrapped around mine, pressing her moist box against my fur, trying to get herself off again. Not this time!

I broke off from her and sat back toward her pads. She sat up and whimpered, "Wha...."

"Shush. I'm right here, you hot little vixen. I'm gonna make you feel good! Spread yourself out!" I said, my voice husky as I pushed her legs apart. I'd never done anything like this before, but Keff had done it to me and it felt fantastic!

A'shaaya spread herself out, her glistening opening parting before my eyes, revealing the damp reddish inner flesh of her female opening. I dropped to my paws and knees as my muzzle quested between her legs. Her spicy aroma hit my nostrils full force as my tongue flashed out. For the first time in my life, I tasted another vixen. Her back arched as I made contact with her, whimpering, "Tiiiiiii!!!" as I nuzzled the damp flesh. Shia's juices were delicious as I sent my tongue all around the dusky rose of her untouched cunt. I could feel her shuddering as I made my way all around her soaking crotch, my muzzle flecked with her juices all the way up to my eyes. Her back kept arching and she couldn't stay in one place as I licked her juicy little slot. It was making me hot just to do my friend like this. I dipped one paw done to the base of her tail, fondling the little brown rosebud of her other hole.

A'shaaya almost leapt off the bed, so great was her pleasure shock. Her squeaking and yipping was almost non-stop. Her tail kept hitting me as it flipped upward between her splayed legs. "God- ....dess.... E'lan... tii!! I've nev.... er felt..... like this!!!" My tongue flipped around the top of her cunt, seeking her clit buried in its' little hood. With my hand, I gently probed at her asshole, pressing inward delicately. A'shaaya slammed her hips upward, almost forcing my muzzle into her body.

I felt A'shaaya moving at the other end. Her paw grabbed ahold of my tail, and tried to pull me over toward her. I was always one to oblige a friend, and slid my body around until my hips were next to her head. Shia grabbed them, lifting my left leg over her. I settled down, my own sopping kithole not more than *deci* from her muzzle.

A shock went through me, shaking me to the core, as I felt Shia's tongue on my opening for the first time. Keff had done this before, but the very fact that A'shaaya was a vixen made it different. She knew just where to make it feel good. I redoubled my assault on her as she licked and lapped at my kithole. I knew I was juicing heavily, if Shia's flow was any judge. I almost couldn't keep up. My tongue slid up between the petals of her flower, slowly collecting the female dew that Shia was producing.

We spent a few *centa* probing and tonguing each other. I could feel an unbelievable climax building up in me, and I hoped that Shia felt the same. My whole body was shaking as I sucked on my vixenfriend's lower lips, my paws running over the cheeks of her ass to pull her body closer to me. I was trying to bury myself in her, muzzle first, and I could feel her doing the same thing down at my groin.

I slid one paw out from under Shia, sliding it down near my muzzle. A single finger slid into A'shaaya's sopping slit. She whined into my kithole, feeling my questing inside of her. I couldn't get very far in. A'shaaya hadn't been lying; she still had her maiden cover up inside. For a brief second, I was tempted to take it, like Keff had done to me, but I knew that Shia would want to surrender it to the male she thought was most worthy. I slid it back out, parting the fur as it ran down toward her ass cheeks. Shia was soaked, a combination of her juice and my spit slicking down the fur like she'd just emerged from the water.

"Oh, goddess, Tii!" Shia whispered, pulling her muzzle away from my kithole for a moment. "I'm ... going to .... go again... if you keep..... OOOHH.... it up!!"

I tickled my finger around Shia's brown bud. "Then I guess... I will!!" With that, I zeroed in on her clit, as the tip of my finger wormed up the tight rosette of her asshole.

A'shaaya screamed into me, her whole body flexing and convulsing in a powerful orgasm. Her climax ripped her muzzle away from me, allowing me to hear her whimper and cry. "My... asssss!! E'LANTII!!!" I'd found her "spot". Shia's ass was the point that made her come like crazy! I thrust my finger into her as deep as I could, almost up to my hand. She screamed again, bending into even further impossible shapes as she writhed under me. A'shaaya's juices were flowing out of her, flooding my muzzle and tongue as I kept up the attack on her clit. Shia wriggled and rolled, finally crying out, breathlessly, "No more, lover! I can't take anymore!" I released her, pulling my finger out of her behind and my muzzle away from her sopping groin. I rolled off onto my side, my hips still undulating with desire. Shia looked over at me, disheveled and panting. "Now its' your turn, you bitch!"

With that, A'shaaya sprang onto me, rolling me onto my back. Her head slammed down into my crotch, immediately assaulting my clit. Her paws ran all over my lower body, even tickling my asshole. But that wasn't where I was most sensitive...

Shia found it by accident. She had almost gotten me to climax, when my hips wiggled and her tongue slid across the base of my tail. I almost shot up in the air!! The orgasm that swept me rivaled anything I'd ever had! A'shaaya, realizing what had gotten me, grabbed the base of my tail in her muzzle as she penetrated my kithole with two fingers.

"AAAHHHH!! OOOOHHHH!!! I'MMMMMM CCCOOOMMMINNNGGGG!!!" I screamed at the top of my lungs. The waves of pleasure convulsed me, throwing my body into all kinds of twists, as A'shaaya rode out the storm on top of me.

I must have passed out briefly, for when I next remember, I was lying beside Shia, our arms around each other. "Back to the world, fox?!" Shia asked. I snuggled my muzzle into her neck as a reply. We spent the rest of the night cuddling together, exploring what vixen to vixen love was like.

Shia and I had to leave at the end of the camp, but we did keep in touch. (I didn't want to lose such a wonderful lover, and neither did she!) But it wasn't until the next winter vacation that we got back together, when she came to stay with me for a few days. She hadn't forgotten (and neither had I) the fun we had in camp. But one thing was missing: a boy fox!!

In my next letter, I tell you the story of A'shaaya's visit, and how she and I got my brother Keff and his best friend Raj alone one evening and..... Well, I'll leave that till next time!!

E'lantic!

SHIPWRECKED!

TERRIE SMITH
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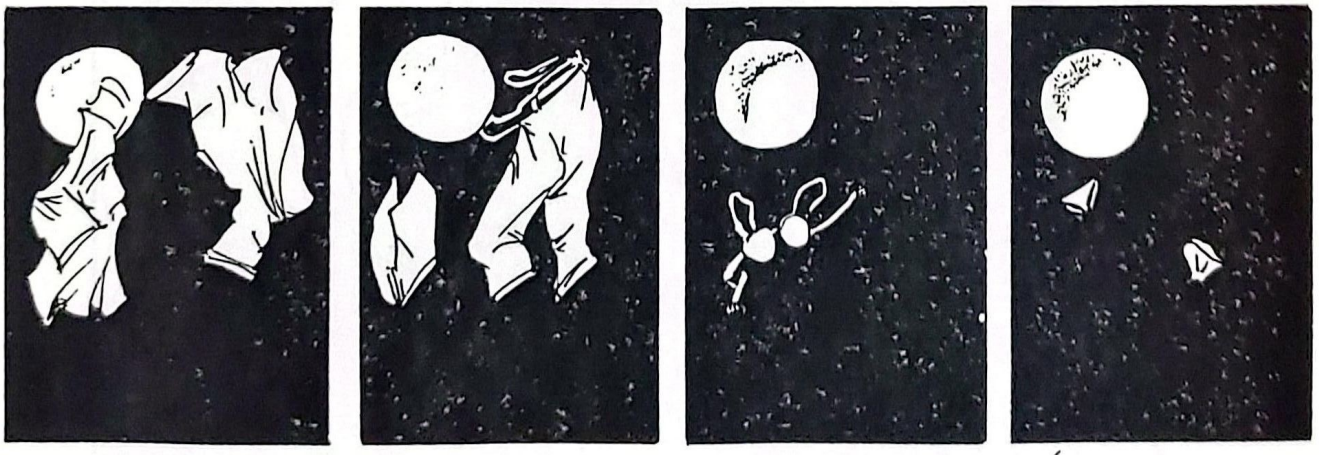
READY, WILLING, AND ABLE

Art: Mark Freld
Story: Andros Sturgeon



OF COURSE I'M "PREPARED".. ..HEH...
FIDGET FIDGET
A-HA!
SUPER BLOCK
WHY WON'T THIS THING WORK?
HEY!
SPROING!
SOMETHING WRONG?
EEP!
MAYBE IT'S OVER HERE! .. HEY! A QUARTER!

"…..Dogs and Cats, Living Together….. Mass Hysteria!!!"

FLEGER 21
OLD DUTCH
POTATO CHIPS
"THE Snappy Chip"
LSMFT
FOSTERS
© CLUB SNAFU
THE NEW ECONOMY
A PLAY TOWARD

PURRR-FECT

Puppy Love

by Richard Brooks

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"Excuse me. May I sit down?" The grey furred canid looked up from his papers and files to find a sandy furred fem feline holding a tray filled nearly to overflowing. Looking about the crowded downtown cafeteria, he hurriedly began moving books and papers to make room for her.

"Uh - sure. Just let me move--" *'Hraka! How can it already be lunchtime? I've got to get my hearing checked.'* Putting his words to action, he missed the fem's surprised whisker twitch.

"Thank you," she said, warily sitting down and blinking at the partially unexpected reply.

"Um, sure - okay--," he said, reshuffling papers until everything was again within reach. Starting on the back of a heavily scribbled sheet, he re-added his figures for the fifth time, missing the slight smile that crossed the fem's muzzle.

'Well what do you know? A canid with manners. --However distracted they might be.' She watched, grazing on her salad while he toiled until, minutes later, he sighed; laying down his pen and slumping back in the chair. His drooping ears and whiskers were witness to his frustration as he rubbed his eyes and wolfish muzzle. *'What a fine time for my pocket padd to go on the fritz. Hrrrr. How am I coming up 7000 credits short?'* Yawning widely, he rubbed his face and ears with his palms until a soft voice penetrated his mood.

"You forgot to carry a nine and misplaced a decimal." Blinking, he lowered his paws to look at the fem; absently noting her plate was nearly empty. He had been so absorbed in his work he had nearly forgotten she was there. Smiling hesitantly at his gaze, she reloaded her fork.

"My apologies for yawning. No offense or threat was intended." The fork stopped halfway and she looked up to meet his grin. *'Very polite indeed.'*

"Um - carry the nine?"

"Sorry. I couldn't help but notice."

"No, no. Quite alright." Leaning forward once more he scanned the papers again, picking up the pen and uncapping it. "Could you point those out please?"

Wiping her muzzle with a cloth napkin, the cat cautiously leaned forward to tap the page with an extruded clawtip. "Right here and here, see? It's misplaced. If you move it over to---." "Ah! I see--" Turning the paper back around, he proceeded to correct the errors as she snatched back her paw. Checking the results twice, and glancing up to catch the fem's nod, he updated the files then leaned back to toss the capped pen atop the pile of papers. Grinning at the closed book a moment, he lifted his silvery grey muzzle to look at his savior.

"Thank you! I've spent the past half-hour wondering whether or not to start counting on my fingers and toes." Turning his chair a bit, he half-arose and leaned forward to extend an open paw as the fem hastily swallowed, surprised by the gesture.

"Please, allow me to introduce myself. My name is Leonard."

Searching his eyes briefly, she cautiously reached out to take his proffered paw, relaxing and returning his smile when he shook it gently once, then released it.

"Hello. I'm Cleo. Pleased to meet you and thanks again for offering me a seat."

"Oh, no trouble." Retaking his seat, he lifted a scuffed but serviceable briefcase to the table. "I should have been through with this well before lunchtime but my pocket datapadd left me stranded with only pen and paper to figure with. I didn't even realize it was lunchtime until you spoke up and, if you hadn't, I might have gotten swept out the door by the cleaning crew at closing time." Cleo smiled in turn, relaxing fully at his cheerful grin. The silvery-grey furred canid's cheerfulness was genuine enough that she felt her usual otherfur wariness diminishing rapidly. "Luckily for you, I ran out of tables." Leonard bowed his head slightly, momentarily abandoning the briefcase to lean on the table, toying the pen in his paws.

"I am in your debt for saving my sanity and I'd like to show my appreciation somehow. Perhaps I could pick up your lunchtab sometime, or---?" His grin remained steady but Cleo noted a slight hesitation which he soon cleared up.

"Actually, I've simply not had the chance to sit and converse with a ca- feline other than for business. If you wouldn't mind staying a short while--?" Wiping her muzzle and whiskers, Cleo studied the canid carefully. He seemed an honest fur and she could sense no threat or deceit in him. He truly did seem interested in simply talking.

Blanketing her now empty plate with her napkin she moved it aside, twitching her ears and bringing her whiskers forward. She smiled at his reaction to the movement.

"Yes, that might prove interesting," she said, folding her paws on the table. "I've not had the chance to talk with many canids before either," *'courteous ones that is'*, "and 'cat' is perfectly acceptable as long as it's used politely. As for my lunch, it's not really necessary. Just glad I could help."

Smiling happily, Leonard tucked his pen away in a vest pocket and resumed his briefcase stuffing.

"Well, okay, if you insist. The lunch invitation stands though. "In any case, it looks like we have at least one thing in common simply in not having talked to each other before, fur-wise."

"I suppose that's one way of looking at it." Cleo laughed, a soft purring bark, and Leonard stopped his briefcase packing to stare at her.

"What?" she asked, whiskers atwitch.

"Um - nothing. -It's just that I've never paid much attention to it before, -feline laughter that is. It's - -interesting."

"Thank you. I've spent all my life "purrrr"fecting it." Leonard gave her a yipping sample of canid laughter in turn and she smiled, whiskers forward, propping an elbow on the table and resting her chin on her open palm.

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filtered through the treetops to warm her face. "Actually, it's only a pleasant walk away on a day like this. Our new-old house is only a half mile up the lane you know." Whiskers twitching at the sun's warmth, she opened her eyes to look at him, left ear turning to track him perfectly. "You'll have to drop by after we get the place fixed up. Unless —?" She grinned slyly. "Unless?" Leonard asked; having a good idea where her lead was headed.

"Hector and Lendrai are in town right now getting some paint and stuff to spruce the place up. We can always use another paw if you're willing."

While talking, Cleo turned back around and leaned against the railing, careful not to catch her idly flicking tail and bracing a paw on it's top.

"Just what I needed to while away a weekend," he replied. "Sure, I'll lend a paw, - if you're sure the others wont mind that is. Although I wont be able to help out this weekend, next weekend I should be free. Just let me know when, - and where."

Cleo smiled warmly as it was exactly the answer she had expected. "Oh, that would help I suppose. Just head west up the lane to the big meadow and take the path on the left. You'll be welcome anytime. "As for lending a paw, I hate to disappoint you but we wont be starting anything 'til next weekend anyway."

"I can't tell you how heartbroken I am."

"I'll bet." Grinning, she lowered her gaze to the flower she had been idly toying with. "These are really quite lovely Leonard. How did you manage to turn a weedy vine into such a marvelous accent to your house?" Gingerly pulling the blossom free she brought it to her muzzle, inhaling deeply and closing her eyes in pleasure at the scent.

As she settled against the railing, Leonard used the opportunity to do a little nature appreciation of his own, crossing his arms and leaning against the porch column. Cleo's tawny gold fur shone like spiders silk in the dappled mid-morning sunshine, faint cinnamon stripes just visible in her pelt as the shifting sunlight picked them out. A spray of ice-white whiskers adorned her delicate muzzle, capturing the sunlight on their ends, and a matching glint came from the golden threads woven into her aquamarine ensemble. Starting at the wide, gilt-edged neckcloth with its bright green centerstone, Leonard glanced down her creamy white front fur to the broad matching sash tied at her left hip, its gold fringed ends stopping at her knee. A loose fitting cloth wrapped around below it, dipping to mid thigh as it crossed her trim belly and a small, blue carrypouch rested on her right hip; the whole thing being topped off by a pair of blue and gold circlets at the base of each large tufted ear. Typical feline casualwear.

**Sigh* 'If only her muzzle were longer and her tail bushier. Ah well -.'* Leonard grinned to himself. *'Hmm-. Unless I miss my guess, that's one of her favorite shopping outfits. Hm. - I might be able to watch the noon game after all.'*

Cleos' eyes were still lightly closed, head tilted back and jaws slightly open in enjoyment at the flowers fragrance and Leonard could just make out her light purr as he waited on her attentiveness to return.

"Oh, it wasn't too difficult," he replied when her eyes blinked open; "It started out growing wild under the steps and, after everything else I planted died, I made some cuttings and spread them along the front. You know, it matches your outfit very nicely." "It does, doesn't it?" she said, comparing the flower against the cloth about her waist. "It would go well with this and a few other things." "You look splendid enough already, although it would look nice behind your ear. If you wish, I can give you some cuttings to take home and try."

Cleo's ears blushed pink at his complement although she knew he gave them freely to most fem furs. "Um, - thank you; that would be wonderful. They'll look lovely along the deck railing by the spa. -That is, if I can keep them alive." "Spa? I thought felines hated water?" "Some do, we don't. Rastin, the lazy fleabag, wanted to leave it at our old place in the city but I wouldn't let him. It'll seat six furs comfortably and it's the perfect thing for relaxing. You'll have to come over some time and try it." "Uh - I'll see. In the meantime though, just keep the cuttings well watered and they should do fine.

"Speaking of water, all this talk has made me thirsty. Would you care to come inside for some tea and sandwiches?" "Yes, thank you. - But only one sandwich. I still have to watch my weight you know." Smiling, she pushed away from the railing as Leonard turned to get the door. *'Oh no. Not that squeal again.'* Her ears folded in anticipation but, fortunately, it never came. Flicking them upright, she moved to enter as Leonard held the screen open, bowing at the waist and gesturing within.

"Of course m'lady. Khai forbid you should show any meat on those skinny bones."

He looked up, grinning through his eyewhiskers to find Cleo standing with crossed arms, a slight smile on her muzzle. "You should talk you grey old dog. Honestly Leonard, I think you're just trying to change the color of your fur from the inside out with all the tea you drink." Cleo had a trim, athletic figure and knew it but was always being teased about her thinness of frame, mainly by Hector. It hadn't taken long before Leonard was 'invited' to join in and he usually got as good as he gave.

"Oh no. The ladies like it too much. They say it gives an air of distinction to my otherwise unremarkable self." Holding the door with his shoulder, he splayed a paw against his chest, eyes closed and muzzle pointing skyward. "I'm not touching that one," Cleo said, giggling behind a paw. Leonard opened his eyes at her chuckle and grinned before espying something on his arm. Frowning a bit, he carefully plucked a dark hair from his pelt, eyeing it dubiously before letting it fall. "Hmf. Ruins the effect."

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At this, Cleo could contain herself no longer and burst out laughing, sharp teeth gleaming brightly as her purring bark resounded through the woods. Leonard smiled broadly himself as he watched her, having learned a few months back to ignore the felines' toothsome displays. *'It's always good to see her laugh; -although I'm still not sure how they do it.'* Their peculiar laughter never ceased to amaze him and, at their lunches, he usually managed to get at least one good chuckle.

When Cleo finally opened her eyes, he was surprised to see tears streaking her fur "It wasn't that amusing, surely?" Chuckling a bit himself, he gestured within as she wiped her eyes. "C'mon you hyena, lets get you inside before you fall down. Besides, I still have to stuff you with tea and crumpets."

Letting Cleo precede him inside, he propped the main door open to catch the breeze and turned about to find her stopped in the midst of the wide foyer / hallway, looking upward and smiling. "So that's what those black squares are." Puzzled, Leonard followed her gaze to the large tinted skylights, then looked back to her grinning face.

Cleo was standing about twelve feet from the door, looking about like a kit in a candy store, eyes shining and jaws slightly open in a smile. From the skylights, her gaze took in the carved wood beams amidst the white plaster ceiling before noticing the - leaves? Startled, she looked right to take in the trees at the corners of the large, sunken living room; the wall at the end of it being taken up mostly by a floor to ceiling brickwork fireplace. A large, complex video / comm set stood in the front corner nearest it while the back corner had shallow steps leading to a narrow, bookshelf lined gallery which ran behind the couch. It's other end connected with the foyer and from there her gaze was drawn leftward to the dining area.

A large, rather dusty table littered with books and papers was nearest her and beyond it she saw a good sized work area littered with more papers centered around a very elaborate and expensive graphics / comm / data-access terminal. The walls all the way around the room consisted of more well-crafted bookcases and, here too, well tended plants were scattered about, taking advantage of the light filtering in from the skylights and large front windows. Directly in front of her was a wide hallway, presumably leading to kitchen, bath and sleeprooms. Taking another look about, Cleo figured the room to be about sixty by twenty-five feet with a fourteen foot vaulted ceiling.

"Very impressive, Leonard," she said, turning to look at him: "But how did you aff-." That was all she got out before he held up a paw to silence her. "Please don't ask. Lets just say I - inherited it and leave it at that. Please?" He smiled at her warmly to take the sting from his words and, after a moment, she smiled back, a mischievous twinkle in her eye "Okay, I wont pry. I wont even tell the rest of the gang if you wish, but; - you must promise to tell me someday." She gestured at the room, grinning, and Leonard grinned back, a bit surprised but pleased at her ready acceptance. "Perhaps. In the meantime though, feel free to look around while I get us something to drink. 7-up right?" "Diet if you have it." Halting his progress to the kitchen, he glanced back over his shoulder. "I don't think so but I'll check. Pest!"

"Thanks Leonard." Cleo smiled, looking about the room once more and marveling at the sense of space the high ceiling gave. *'It actually looks bigger on the inside than the outside.'*

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the soda bottle and taking the mustard knife she passed him

"So," she mumbled, licking mustard from her finger; "Where's Mrs Canid? Surely you don't live here alone?" "You know perfectly well I'm unattached," he replied, sounding miffed but smiling Placing the knife in the mustard jar, he put a lid on his sandwich and, taking a bite, mumbled a further reply, grinning and dropping breadcrust on the table. "I just haven't found the fem canid that can put up with my charming manners;" *'or not try to drain my accounts in one way or another when they find out my worth.'* "Anyway, I thought you weren't going to pry?" Cleo grinned back, finishing off her own mouthful of sandwich before answering. "You're quite correct, I'm being nosy again. But, I have the perfect excuse as I'm a feline; - and a fem feline at that. I'm supposed to be." "Hey! I thought I was the one with the nose?" he replied, referring to his own long, wolfish muzzle. Chuckling a bit, they sat finishing the rest of their sandwiches, Leonard offering Cleo a second which she declined; selecting an orange instead and extruding a sharp clawtip to peel it.

"So. When's Rastin due back from that project he's on in Hawkins? The last I heard, they were nearly finished.." "Oh yes! Thanks for reminding me. "With any luck, he'll be in sometime late tonight or early tomorrow. The project came in ahead of schedule, and under budget, so he'll be coming back with a bonus too. - As well as a surprise he wont tell me anything about." She pouted briefly but couldn't keep it up for long. "With any luck, we'll be able to make an offer for that additional woodland we've been wanting. Do you really think you can contact the owner, Mr Paxton? From what I hear, he's really reclusive." "I'm pretty sure I can. I'll let you know by midweek at the latest." *'It'll take at least that long to erase any traces to me in the net. Don't worry longwhiskers; you and Rastin will get the land at a more than fair price.'*

"Thanks again Leonard. We were hoping you might know him when we found we were such close neighbors. It seems he owns quite a bit of land hereabouts." Placing the orange rind on the tray, she leaned back and carefully broke the orange into sections. Raising her hindpaws, she placed their pads on the tables' edge, her long tail coming up to wrap itself about her ankles.

'How does she do that?' "That he does." Grinning slyly, Leonard set about placing various items on the tray before arising to take it back to the kitchen. "Pardon moi madame; I'll be right back."

Cleo followed his bushy tail as he took the three shallow steps to the foyer, grinning at nothing in particular before turning to the large bay window across the room. She had thought it odd to place such a window on a porch but now, looking out, she changed her mind.

'What a view,' she thought, watching the breeze blow through the open woods outside. As she was thinking of sitting on the windowseat Leonard returned, bearing a new litre of 7-up. Following her gaze he smiled and sat down, refilling both glasses as Cleo held hers out. "Nice scenery, eh?"

"Thanks. Yes, it is," she said, taking in the size of the window and the view it afforded.

From the outside, it went from porch deck to open rafters, projecting outward about two feet. With the sunken living room on the inside, the three by eight foot padded windowseat was just level with the porch deck. Sitting on the couch, it made for a marvelous view of the swaying treetops through the plasteel porch roof panels and, with the side casements open, the room was filled with the scent of pine, hardwoods and blueflowers.

'It would be wonderful to curl up and take a nap there.' Cleo looked out a bit longer, finishing her orange before turning to find Leonard watching her lick her fingers from over the top of his glass. She gazed at him expectantly a full minute before he gave in, grinning and twitching his black tufted ears. "Okay; you win. Would you please blink? You're making my eyes hurt." Sipping her soda, she did so but didn't drop her gaze. Instead, she cocked an ear half back and tilted her head, smiling and purring lightly. Leonard sighed. "Fems! They're the same in every fur it seems. "I was planning on doing this eventually but, if you can wait 'til next week, I might let everyone in on 'The house that Leonard built'. Deal?" "/ didn't say a word! - But if you really want to, - okay."

They both chuckled a bit and Leonard leaned back, copying her relaxed posture by putting his hindpaws on the table. After another sip at his soda, it was his turn to gaze expectantly.

"Well. Now that I've put a little meat on your skinny frame, how else may I help you m'lady?" Cleo grinned at the jibe a moment before looking down to study the glass in her lap. Her tailtip twitched briefly along with her ears as she answered, still looking down.

"Do you remember that first day I sat at your table?" She looked up from the glass to catch his nod before studying it again. "I had something to prove to myself that day. I - accomplished what I set out to do and, in the process, found a very good friend instead of the - rude 'rabid' canid I was expecting." Leonard toyed with his own glass a bit before replying, taking in her twitching tailtip. "I hope you didn't think I was going to have you for an appetizer? Getting rid of that hairball would've taken far too much effort." He grinned, sipping his soda as Cleo choked on hers, giving him a dirty look while she coughed. "I'm glad to say I too learned a few things that day, about felines." Seeing she had recovered, he went back to sipping his soda.

"Aaaas I was saying -," she grinned, placing her hindpaws back on the table; "In the months we've actually known each other, I've found you to be one of the most honorable furs I've ever met. Given some of your furs' track records, your easy acceptance of other furs, -especially the males, has impressed, and puzzled all of us. Indeed, your reputation as an honorable

gentlefur is spreading "

Leonard felt his ears blushing as he broke her gaze, fidgeting with his glass "Careful Cleo; I still have to get my head out the door by Monday you know."

She smiled widely at that, taking a long sip to let his ears come up. "Flattering yes, but also true. - I'm telling you this so you wont think I'm totally insane when you hear what I'm asking of you." She watched his eyewhiskers rise and ears twitch once before returning her gaze to the glass in her paws. Leonard could just make out her clawtips as they peeked through the white fur of her fingers and hindpaws.

"Leonard, being feline, I am naturally curious. I - I was hoping you might be willing to - to show me how canids make love?" She smiled warily, ears and tailtip twitching.

Leonard stared at her stupidly before lowering his gaze to the glass in his lap, much the same as Cleo had earlier. *'Good grief; the things felines think of to study.' *sigh* -' Okay. So she wants to know about canid lovemaking.'* It wasn't the first time an awkward question had come up about their respective furs, but even Leonard had to admit this was one of the stranger ones Taking a long drink, he leaned forward to place elbows on knees, toying with his glass on the table.

"Well, ah, - most files dealing with canid lovemaking practices are freely available on the net. However, there are some discs and books on the actual, um - act itself available at some uh, videohouses." Leonard's ears were blushing brightly but he bravely went on. "Um, if you're worried about going to such a place, - they cater to felines too - , I can assure you your honor will remain inviolable. -- If you are truly nervous about going, I can escort you the first time or two, if you wish, until you feel comfortable by yourself."

Leonard's offer was quite genuine but he was finding it difficult to control his grin. Evidently, her inquisitiveness had gotten the better of her, for whatever reason, and she had been too embarrassed to ask Rastin or Hector. *'Cats and their curiosities. Sheesh! With requests like that, it's a wonder they don't study themselves, - <u>constantly</u>!'*

Cleo's chuckle brought him back to the here and now and he looked up as she unsuccessfully tried to hide it behind a paw. Confused by the unexpected reaction, he simply waited, smiling. "Was it something I said?", he asked as she took a drink. This time she caught herself and grinned around the glass before finishing it off and Leonard uncapped the soda bottle and refilled it while she explained.

"Thanks Leonard " "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to belittle your offer of escort. I would truly be honored to have you as my escort anytime, anyplace but, - that's not exactly what I had in mind." Her sapphire eyes sparkled, matching her laughing grin and she leaned forward to rest elbows on knees, once again toying with her now full glass. *'Thanks Leonard. However unintentional, I needed the relaxation of that laugh. Had it been any other fur but you, I'd probably be out the door for insulting ones' honor like that.'* Cleo waited 'til he had settled himself comfortably in his chair before elaborating. "When I said I wanted to know about canid lovemaking, I - . "Leonard, I would truly consider it an honor if you would consent to mate with me." She smiled as his jaw dropped open in stupefied amazement. It took a moment before he could partly close it, staring at her wideeyed in disbelief.

"Ccleo, you can't mean --; you're a feline for khai --; it's not poss --." Closing his muzzle with a snap, he shifted his gaze to the soda bottle on the table, dumbfounded.

Although he had always considered Cleo to be a rather attractive fem, the idea of actually mating with her had never truly crossed his mind It - simply - wasn't - done!

'Okay Leonard, calm down. There must be a rational explanation for her sudden insanity.' Taking a deep breath, he let it out in a whoosh, lifting his silvery-grey muzzle to look through his eyewhiskers. "Are you in um, - heat?" It was the only semi-sane explanation he could think of. *'After all, Rastin <u>has</u> been gone for two weeks. It doesn't explain, however, why she's --.'*

Rolling the glass in her paws, Cleo couldn't help but smile at his rationalization. "No, I'm not in heat; -not exactly. Felines don't go into - season?" He nodded dumbly. "Season, although we do have a self-controllable monthly cycle. Surely you've noticed our fur is fairly free on matters of mating?" *'Maybe he hasn't. After all, it's not as if we do it on park benches all the time. -- The bushes however --.'*

A sobering thought came to her suddenly. "Do - male canids go into - season?"

"Se - season? No - Canids don't have a true monthly cycle, although the fems' heat does enhance the experience somewhat." He blinked, returning his gaze to the bottle *'Did I just say that?'*, he wondered, then wondered again at his reaction to the whole situation before remembering a question. "What of Rastin? Surely he would never condone what you're asking " He was searching for an out, his brain numb but recovering. *'This has to be a joke.'*

"Of course Rastin knows. So do Hector and Lendrai. It did take a bit of convincing but, ultimately, the decision is mine, not theirs."

Leonard nearly spilled his drink in his lap before awkwardly placing it on the edge of the tree planter. He stared open mouthed at her warmly smiling face a long moment, noting her clear, blue eyes and upright ears before shifting his gaze to the window. *'Leonard, you are one <u>dead</u> puppy.'* Releasing the glass, he arose and walked over to it, looking out at nothing, paws clasped behind him, tail waving fitfully back and forth.

'A foolish question, -' he had thought, knowing that, in Rastin's place, he would be having it out with any male that dared take liberties without - *'but she did. She actually asked me to -. Me. A canid. Make love with a feline? --- It just-isn't - done?'*

Cleo remained seated on the couch, watching his tail sweep back and forth as he stood, sorting things out. She had been surprised he had actually talked about it at all, however distractedly, having half been expecting to be escorted to the door. Politely of course. That had been one of her greater fears of bringing her desire to light with him for she prized this unique canids' friendship very highly. Looking up from where her finger was tracing the top of her glass, she tried making out patterns in the silvery, grayish-tan of his pelt, willing to wait hours if need be on his decision. Fortunately, he took only three minutes to respond.

"You - actually told Rastin you wished to --."

"Yes. We discussed it before he left and again last night. I'm genuinely curious Leonard and you're the only canid I feel comfortable around. Given your impeccable honor, surely you can understand why?"

Leonard stood at the window another two minutes, tail waving fitfully until, sighing, he unclasped his paws and turned to find Cleo standing only a pace away.

'Hraka! I wish they wouldn't do that!' Ears flicking upright, his eyes quickly traversed her svelte form, picking up clues from ears whiskers tail and eyes; gazing deeply into them but finding no deceit in their even, blue depths.

Cleo calmly allowed the challenging stare, watching his eyes slowly turn from black to silver-grey.

"Yes Leonard, I'm quite serious," she said, reading his face. She smiled mischievously. "Why else would I be at a canids house alone on a Saturday morning? "No, *wait!* That wasn't how I -. Oh hraka! Why is it that your jokes never backfire?" Ears folding, she clenched her paws, tail flicking in agitation. Leonard smiled in spite of himself at her consternation and held up a paw to calm her. Looking up at the gesture, she smiled shyly.

"I think you know what I meant to say." As his paw dropped, she reached out to clasp it between her own, stroking its back. Her ears flicked once. "I value your friendship very much Leonard but I would also like to satisfy - my curiosity - on this matter. However, if it comes down to a decision, I can live with being curious." Whiskers forward, she looked deeply into his eyes.

Leonard had started as Cleo grasped, then stroked his paw; it being the first time he could recall being touched in such a fashion by an otherfur. Given the softness of her touch however, he wasn't about to complain and, noting her still calm eyes and ears, he made a decision; - sort of.

"This isn't some form of elaborate joke, is it?"

Cleo searched his face in turn, confirming the concern and hint of curiosity in his voice and also noting his slight grin, albeit a nervous one. Eyes glinting with mischief, she raised his paw to chest level, intertwining her fingers with his and curling them over to clasp his paw. When he did the same, she ran her other paw over them both, exploring his blunt, neatly trimmed claws with one of her own. Then, watching his eyes clear to calm curiosity, she released his paw only to cup its back in her open palms.

"No Leonard, it's not a joke. Of that, have no doubt." She looked at him calmly, trustingly and took a half step forward, clasping his paw lightly to her furry breast.

End part I.

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Kit and Vikki: Weekend Hot Tub Party

By Scot Masters

Kitiara Liger slammed the door of her father's family gev and yelled, "Thanks for the lift, Daddy!" She stuck her golden maned head back through the window, kissing her father's furry cheek.

"You're sure it's alright with the Vulpina's if you stay the weekend?" Jahan Liger asked, a concerned look in his eye.

"Oh, Daddy! You ask me that every time! Of course it is!" she giggled, shaking her mane and showing her teeth. "Since her folks are going away, they didn't want Vikki here all alone. Don't worry," she said in mock fright. "If anybody thinks we're alone here, I'll just growl and sic my big lion daddy on them!" Kitiara let out a mock growl. Jahan tosseled her mane and said, "Alright, Kitten. If you need anything, call us. The com line can always find me."

"Okay, Dad! Bye!" All 6'3" of teenage liger exploded up the steps to her best friend's house as he drove off.

Kitiara pushed the door open and went in. She practically lived here, like Vikki Vulpina did at her place, so the families were used to the two high schoolers coming and going. "Hoi, anyone here? Vikki? Miz V?"

"I'm in the closet, Kitty, dear!" Kytha Vulpina's muffled reply came. "Vikki's out by the pool, if you want her."

"Thanks, Miz V!" Kitiara strode through the house, spying her fox friend laying out in the sun by the pool through the screen door. "Hoi, Foxy!" she yelled, pushing open the screen. Vikki looked up, smiling as she saw her huge liger friend coming over. "Hoi, yourself, Kittycat! Bring your stuff?"

"Yeah, I dropped it inside the front door." Kit sat down on a chaise lounge, wincing a little at the sun's reflection off the pool water. "When are your folks going?"

"Bout an *decai*. Mama never forgets to forget something important!" Both girls chuckled; Mrs. Vulpina's memory lapses were a standard joke with them. "Maybe we'd better go help. Anything to make sure they're on their way!" With that, Vikki jumped up and both girls headed in to help.

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A little over a *decai* later, Kit and Vikki were getting the endless list of last-minute instructions. Grinning and bearing the onslaught of well-intentioned advice, they were glad to finally close the door on Vikki's parents and wave good bye.

"Well, Kitty, what do you want to do first?" the teenage fox-girl said as they scampered back into the house. "Remember, Mama said no parties."

"Wellllll...." Kitiara thought for a moment. "How about ordering some dinner, and then we stretch out in **the hot tub**?"

"Great idea! I'll get the comm." With that, Vikki ran off, leaving Kitiara to wait. She clicked on the vid terminal, tuning in the music station. Within five minutes, her vulpine friend returned.

"All set! Dinner should be here in about half an hour." She plopped down next to the larger liger. "We'll pop into the hot tub after dinner. It'll clean your fur, slob."

"Thanks! I wasn't the one who had to scrub the kitchen when she blew up her dinner in the microwave!"

The good natured banter went back and forth until dinner, a large Chinese meal arrived. Both girls set to eating with gusto, watching the latest rages from the music world on the television. Finally, Vikki sat back, a contented sigh escaping her lips. "You almost done, you bottomless pit?"

"Just a minute," Kitti said, licking sweet and sour from the edge of her finger. "There. Did you get the key to the hot tub this time, or are we NOT going to have the suds again?"

"Yes, I got it. You forget one time...." Vikki said, jumping to her feet, her huge scarlet tail almost brushing the dinner plates to the floor. "C'mon, while the night's still young. I can here that steaming water calling me."

"I'm coming!" Kitiara hollered, struggling out from under the coffee table. "Don't worry!"

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Behind the pool in the Vulpina's backyard was a small, cinder block cabin. Vikki unlocked the door and flipped on the lights. The smell of chlorine reached the fox and liger's sensitive noses as they stepped in to the warm, softly lighted room. In the center, set in the floor, was a large hot tub, big enough to hold at least six people of Vikki's size. Her five foot frame was easier to accommodate than Kitiara's six foot three. Thick, fluffy towels hung on a rack along the wall farthest from the door, and indoor outdoor carpeting covered the floor. It was very humid, causing Vikki's tail to frizz as she turned the power on to the tub. Almost immediately, it began to bubble, throwing little bits of spray into the air.

"Ah, that looks great!" Kitti said, kneeling down to touch the water with one paw. "Good and hot, too! I can't wait!" She stood up and kicked her sandals off. Vikki turned around, a handful of towels in her arms.

"Here. We don't even need to go back and get more. Mama said after last time that she'd put more out here for us." Vikki giggled. "I guess she thinks that huge ligers need more towels!"

"Very funny, Foxy." Kitiara grabbed the bottom of her shirt. "Are you planning on wearing a suit?" She glanced at Vikki.

"Are you kidding?" Vikki replied, unbuttoning her blouse. "All alone in the hot tub?" she said as it slid down her arms.

"Just checking!" Kitti giggled, pulling the fluffy shirt over her head, rumpling her mane. Her hands reached back behind her, loosening the strap on her rather tight bra. "I just didn't want to embarrass you!" she said, dropping her bra on her shirt, allowing her large, ice white furred breasts to swing free.

"Embarrass **me**? You've got to be kidding!" Vikki's shirt had revealed no restraining bra, only her soft reddish furry globes. They were not as big as her liger friends, but were an impressive set nonetheless. "Who was the one who taught you how to...."

"Yes, I know. Five years since we were twelve, and you'll never let me forget that I didn't even know where my clitoris was!" Kitti slid her skirt top apart, undoing the tail catch at the back to let it puddle at her feet. Vikki, at the same time, reached back into her shorts and pulled her bottle brush tail through the hole, sliding them down her legs. "But don't forget. I know how, now!" Vikki grinned at Kitiara, fiddling with the top of her panties. Kit saw them and laughed. "Cute little cupids, Foxy!" she giggled as the vixen girl blushed all the way to the black tips of her ears. "Okay, okay. I was in a hurry this morning." Vikki looked at Kit's underwear, a soft pale blue against her tawny striped fur. "At least you can't carry a weeks worth of groceries in my drawers!"

"Oh, unfair! Bitch!" Kitti giggled as she undid the side ties to her panties, letting them fall as Vikki slid hers down her feet.

Both girls stood for a moment, both clad only in their birth fur. Kitiara, tall and strong, her tawny gold and ice white fur a marked contrast to Vikki's deep red and cream. The two compared for a moment, in the way all girls do. It was Kitti who broke the ice. "We'd better get these things out of the way. The last time we used the tub, we flooded damn near this whole place."

"Give em to me. I'll toss everything on the towel rack." Vikki grabbed up their clothes as Kit stretched, her tail rippling around her feet. "I'm going in. Hurry up!" The tall liger stepped gingerly into the tub, purring contentedly as the water flowed up her body. She giggled once as it passed her female opening, then settled back contentedly onto the lowest seat, hiding her furry chest half under the water. "C'mon, Foxy!"

Vikki finished hanging up the clothes and trotted back over to the edge. "All right, don't get your tail in a twist!" With that, she shook her bushy tail in Kitti's face. Vikki laughed and danced out of the way, as her large friend tried to grab it. "Ah, ah! Remember what happened the **last** time!"

"Yeah!" Kitti said, running her tongue around the edge of her muzzle. "I had a little Vikki-snack!" She glanced hungrily over at the crimson vixen, as Vikki sat down on the edge, dangling her feet in the water. "Maybe I'll have one again!"

"Maybe...." Vikki whispered. "But I thought that you were still mad over practice. And Li-Shon..."

"No, you little bitch! But, if I ever have to run extra laps again..."

"But Li-Shon stayed and watched you!" Vikki slid over into the water, settling into a higher seat, next to Kitiara. "He hasn't called you, has he?"

Kitiara shook her head. "No, why would he? Besides, he doesn't have my number." She looked a little dejected, her thin whiskers sagging slightly.

"Oh, yes he does!" Vikki giggled. "I gave it to him!" She slid to one side as the huge liger girl tried to drown her, waiting for her friend to calm down. "C'mon, Kittycat. You said you liked him!"

"Yeah, but..." Kitiara thought back to her fantasy about him, that she'd had in the shower that afternoon." Well, you know, I **did** think about him when I got home from practice."

"Probably with your hand up your snatch!" Vikki sneered rudely.

"No. The showerhead!!" Both girls burst out laughing. Vikki recovered quickly and leaned over to Kitti. "Tell me about it?" She snuggled closer, so their sides were touching.

"Okay, but only if you keep your hands away from everything until I get finished, you horny little vixen!"

"Ohhh, no fair!" Vikki pushed out her lips in a pout. "Okay, I promise!" She pushed herself up a little so she could slide onto Kitti's lap. "I'll just cuddle up here while you tell me." The vixen wiggled her ass down into Kitiara's lap, her tail down between the liger's legs. Kitti could feel it against her cunt, sending a tingle through her.

"Okay, I was in the shower, when I had a thought...." Kitiara began, her paw sliding under the foamy water to encircle her smaller friend. She began stroking Vikki's leg fur as she told the fantasy she had while masturbating in the shower. Vikki spread her legs, and began to move her hips gently as Kitiara's tale heated up her own little pussy to the boiling point. Both girls were breathing heavy as Kitti said, 'And I grabbed the shower pulser and pointed it at my puss. I came so hard I almost broke the damn thing!!" She shivered as the memory of the shower flashed across her mind, stimulating her further.

"Is that *everything*, Kittycat?" Vikki asked slyly, watching the closed eyes of her liger friend. Kitiara nodded. "Okay then!" the teenage vixen yelled, as she clamped her muzzle around Kitti's, her tongue flashing out to lap at her friend. Underneath the water, her foxy paws sought out Kitti's enormous tits, taking the engorged nipples between her fingers. "Uhhhhnnn!" she moaned, a pre orgasmic tremor sweeping her body just from fondling her friend and hearing her story.

Kitiara opened her eyes as her small fox friend attacked her. She was just as horny and turned on as Vikki, and that was the way their sleepovers usually went, ever since that first time Vikki had shown her how to masturbate and then went down on her when they were both twelve. It wasn't that they were lesbians; it was just the natural exuberance of two good friends flowing over with hormones. Kit slid her hands down Vikki's body, finding the juncture of her thighs, deep in the bubbling waters. Her large paw delicately spread the vixen's legs, lightly caressing her pussy. Vikki jumped as if shot, a long howl emerging from her throat as she shook in pleasure. "Goddess, you horny little twat!" Kitti whispered. "Don't come on me so early that you crap out. I want a nice little Vikki snack!"

"Well, uhhh, if you keep that up, uuhh, your snack is gonnnna be in the, uuhhn, hot tub. I'm almost ready to cum!"

Kitiara pushed her slightly back, sliding her paw back down onto Vikki's leg. "Well, if you're going to cum," she said, a wicked gleam in her eye. "It's going to be a fucking good one!" Kitiara opened her muzzle and literally slid it over Vikki's. One paw slid up to the fox's burning cunt, the other to her bottle brush tail. Kit knew it was an especially sensitive spot (through long practice!). The liger inhaled her friend's muzzle, hearing the little yelps and whimpers as Vikki started to climax. Her rough liger tongue was all over the hapless fox's muzzle as her fingers penetrated her friend, thumb finding her clit by instinct. Kitti tugged Vikki's tail, gently at first, then a little rougher.

Vikki's muzzle parted, to get air and to let her liger lover inside. Kitti invaded with gusto, trapping Vikki's tongue with her own. The teenage feline had two fingers up in her foxy friend's snatch to the third knuckle. There was no cherry to impede her hands, like Kit herself had. Vikki had busted it herself, accidentally, when she was fifteen. After that, she was very careful with Kitiara, but the reverse didn't apply. Kit's fingers probed and pushed, feeling the slick interior of her vixen friend.

Within a minute of her increased assault, Vikki slipped her muzzle out and screamed, "Oh Goddess, Kittycat!! Don't Stop!! **I'm cumming**!!" The teenage fox's back arched, bending her almost in half backwards. Kitti used the opportunity to latch on to her smallish tits, chewing her nipples with mock ferocity. Vikki's yelps and whines grew in pitch until finally, with an immense push, Vikki maxed out. Her body shook in ragged climax, uncontrolled as Kitti finger fucked her. The vixen collapsed against the liger's shoulder, exhaustion plain on her face. "Goddess, Kitti, enough!" She pulled back as Kit slid her fingers out of the tired fox's puss. "I haven't cum like that in ages! You really are magic, Kittycat!" Vikki lapped at the edge of her friend's muzzle.

"What about me, you horny little fox? Gonna leave me hanging?" Kitiara's voice had an edge to it, an urgency of denied lust.

"Of course not, pussykins!" Vikki slipped a paw over Kit's nipples, making the liger shudder. "Give me a second to catch my breath, and then I'm gonna toss you up on that deck, and eat you like you've never had!!"

Vikki put her hands under Kitti's ass, "C'mon, you overgrown housecat. Up on the deck!" Kitiara slid all 6'3" of her wet, horny body onto the carpeted deck, laying back as Vikki's muzzle came up and eclipsed the light between her thighs. "Now I've got you just where I want you!" she whispered, running her hands up the insides of Kitiara's thighs. "You had your Vikki snack the last time. This time, I'm going to eat me a hot pussy!" Kitiara moaned, her furry rump humping up off the deck, trying to pull Vikki closer. The teenage liger's fingers stroked through the dripping ice white fur of her tits, pulling her nipples hard as the fox between her legs slithered up onto the deck between her splayed legs. "Just remember this time, don't crush me!!"

"Oooohh, if you don't get, uuhhhh, started, I'll uuhhh, crush you now!!" She reached down, trying to push Vikki's head toward her.

"Uh-uh. I've got something to show you!" Vikki whispered. She flicked out her tongue, laving the edges of Kitiara's furry puss, making her large frame shake in pleasure. The vixen slid her paws under the liger's butt, pulling herself closer, so she could really attend to her friend's need. Her muzzle flashed all around, her tongue never still as it lapped around Kitti's hot opening. Kitiara moaned and wriggled as Vikki ate her, feeling the familiar sensation of climax starting to build. "Oh, keeeeep,... it up....Foxy. It's not.....gonna ta...OOHH..ke long!'

Vikki could hardly keep her body down between Kitti's legs. She loved doing this to her liger pal, ever since she'd been the seducer so long ago. "Now, Kittycat, I've got something special!!" she said, pulling her muzzle out from between Kitiara's legs.

Kitti moaned in frustration. "Why did, uuuuhhh, you stop. I'd almost, uhn, cum!"

"I know, little kitty bitch! I'm going to show you something I found in one of Daddy's 'Hot Vixens" magazines!" She stroked her fingers along Kitiara's soaking furrow, causing a spasm of pleasure in her friend's body. "Something I've only heard of one fox doing to another."

"What!!" Kitti was buzzing, trying to think of what horny fun the little vixen had concocted this time. "You're not going to tie me up with my own tail again!?"

"No, something even better!" Vikki giggled, bending down to lap at Kitiara again, savoring her taste. "Besides, you really got off on that, you horny pussy!" She spread Kitti's legs even wider, so they were almost laying down on the deck. "Hold onto your fur, bitch. I'm gonna make you come so hard, you'll explode!!"

Vikki pushed Kitiara back down and told her, "Close your eyes, Kit. The fun's just started." The vixen waited until Kitiara had closed her eyes before crouching down closer. Vikki placed her nosepad directly against Kitiara's opening. Taking a deep breath, she whispered, "Here goes!!" With a firm push, Vikki pressed her whole muzzle into Kitiara's tight opening. It was a tight fit, and Vikki was having a little trouble breathing through the sides of her mouth, but she managed to press a few inches of her muzzle into her large liger friend. She'd been dying to try it, and wished that Kitti didn't have the typical flat cat muzzle, so she could do Vikki. Ever since the night she'd gotten ahold of her Daddy's magazine and saw the two vixens muzzling each other, it had been one of her favorite masturbation fantasies. Now she was actually doing it!!

Kitiara had been holding her breath as she felt the first tender probing. As Vikki pushed that pointy vulpine muzzle into her, the feeling of ecstasy had been building. Vikki began moving her muzzle in and out in a mating motion, as she forced her lips apart far enough to get her tongue out, licking Kitti as deep as her cherry.

That was all it took. With a loud roar, Kitiara climaxed, almost drowning her teenage vixen friend in her flow. Her back arched, taking Vikki along with her as her hands clawed at her tits. "Oh, GODDESSSS!! I .... CAN'T..... STAND..... IT.....!" She shook like a rag doll as Vikki held tightly, pressing the attack. One paw held tight to Kitiara's ass, the other tickling her clit. The liger exploded, as Vikki had promised. It was even better than her fantasy of Li-Shon fucking her. It seemed to go on and on and.....

"Uhhh!" With a loud whoof, Kitti collapsed. Vikki pulled her muzzle out of the liger's dripping snatch, lapping around the edge of her muzzle as she cuddled up next to her friend. "Did you like that, little Kitti?" Vikki asked, in a little-kit voice.

"Goddess, Vikki! I've never..." She didn't get to finish, as the telecom chimes sounded. Vikki looked up at the wall. "Audio only, answer."

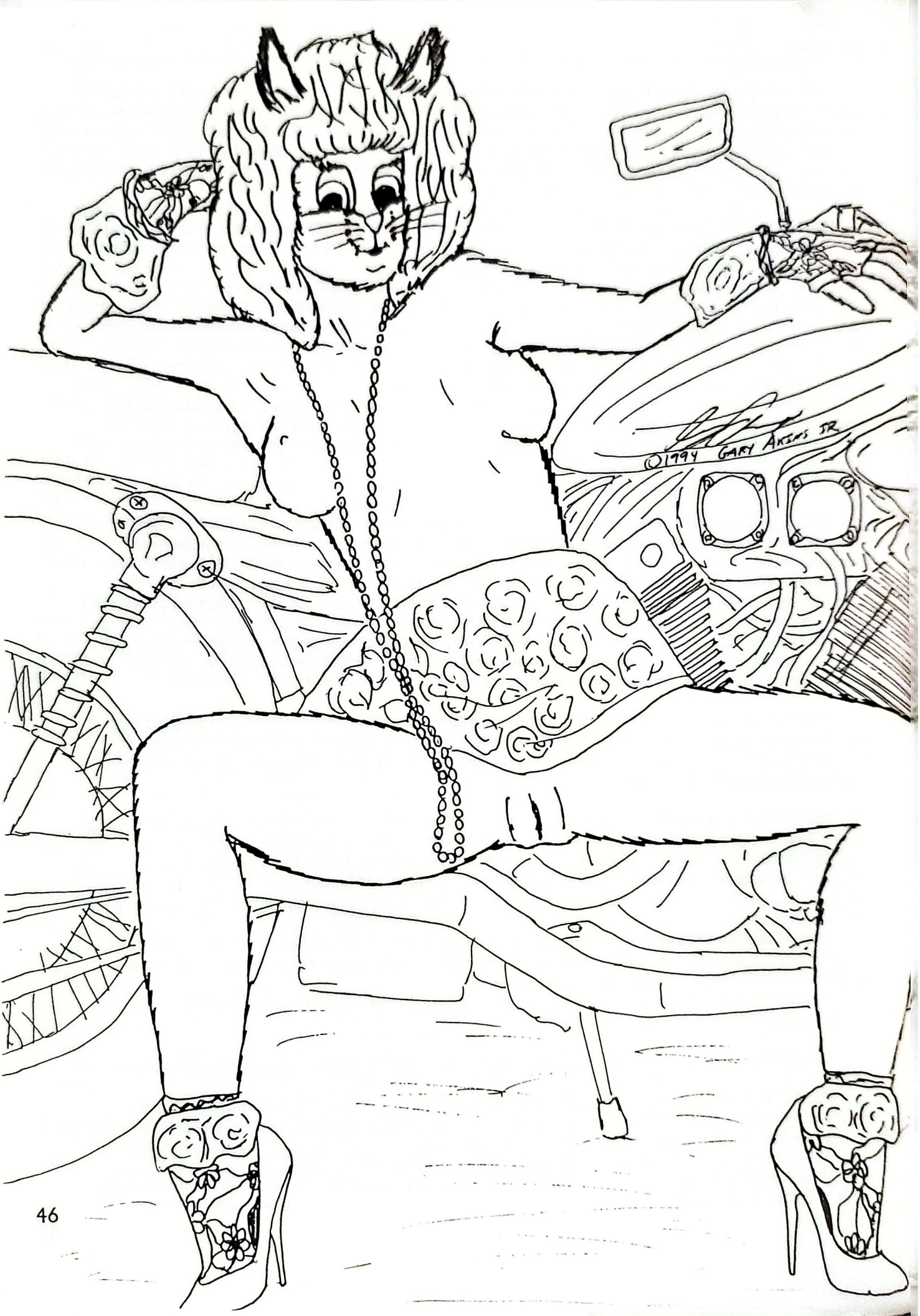
"Uh, hi. This is Li-Shon. Is this Vikki?" The girls looked at each other in surprise. "Yes, this is Vikki."

"Umh, I didn't mean to bother you, but is Kitiara Liger there?" His voice sounded hopeful.

Vikki thought quickly. "Yes she's here, but can't come to the comm. Why don't you drop by, she should be done!" Vikki jumped up and cut the connection.

"Why the HELL did you do that? Kitiara jumped up to her whole 6'3"

"You'll see!!" said her friend, with a sly, foxy grin on her face. "You're going to get your fantasy, little Kittycat! Just you wait!" **(You too, reader! Next issue!!!)**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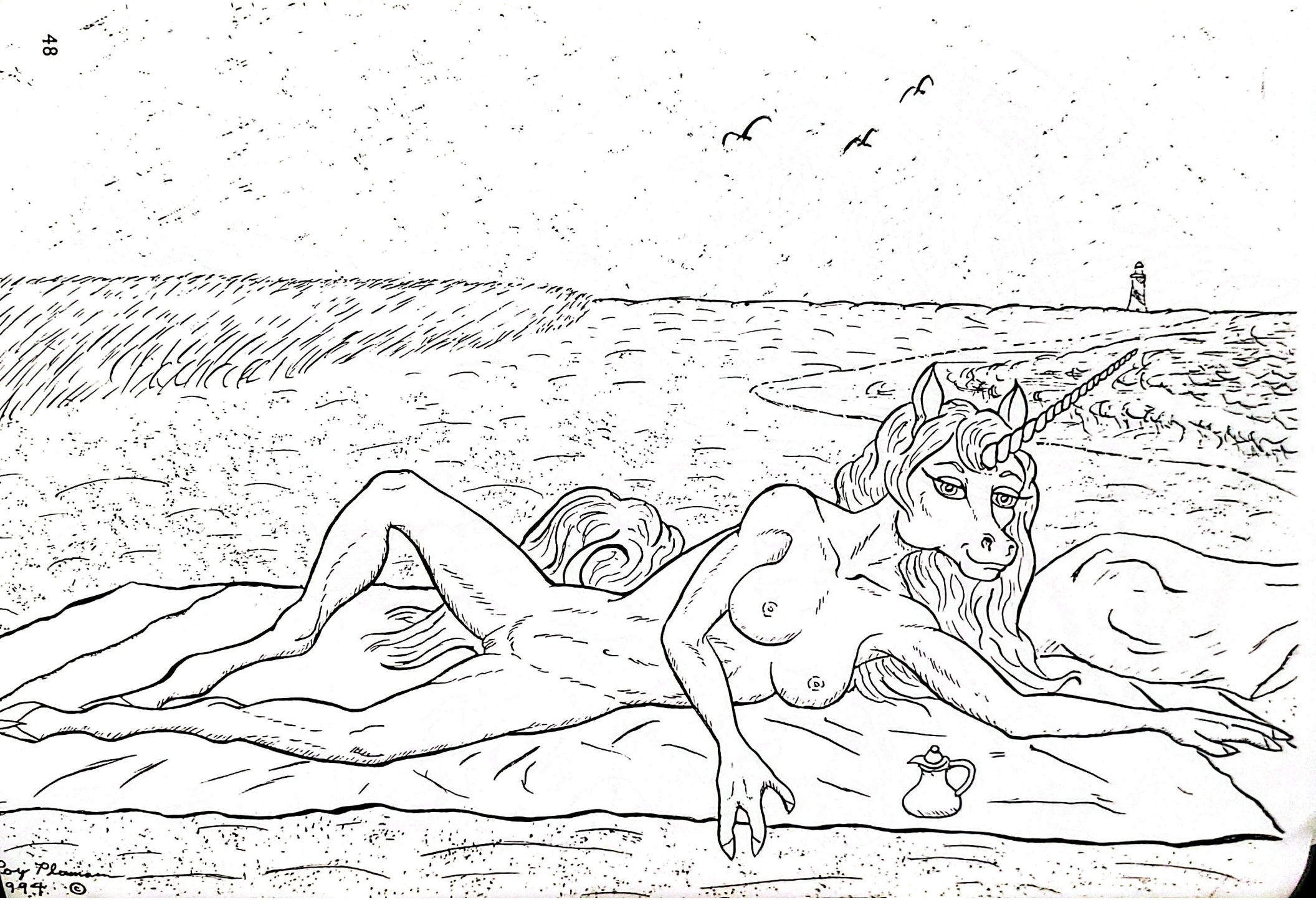
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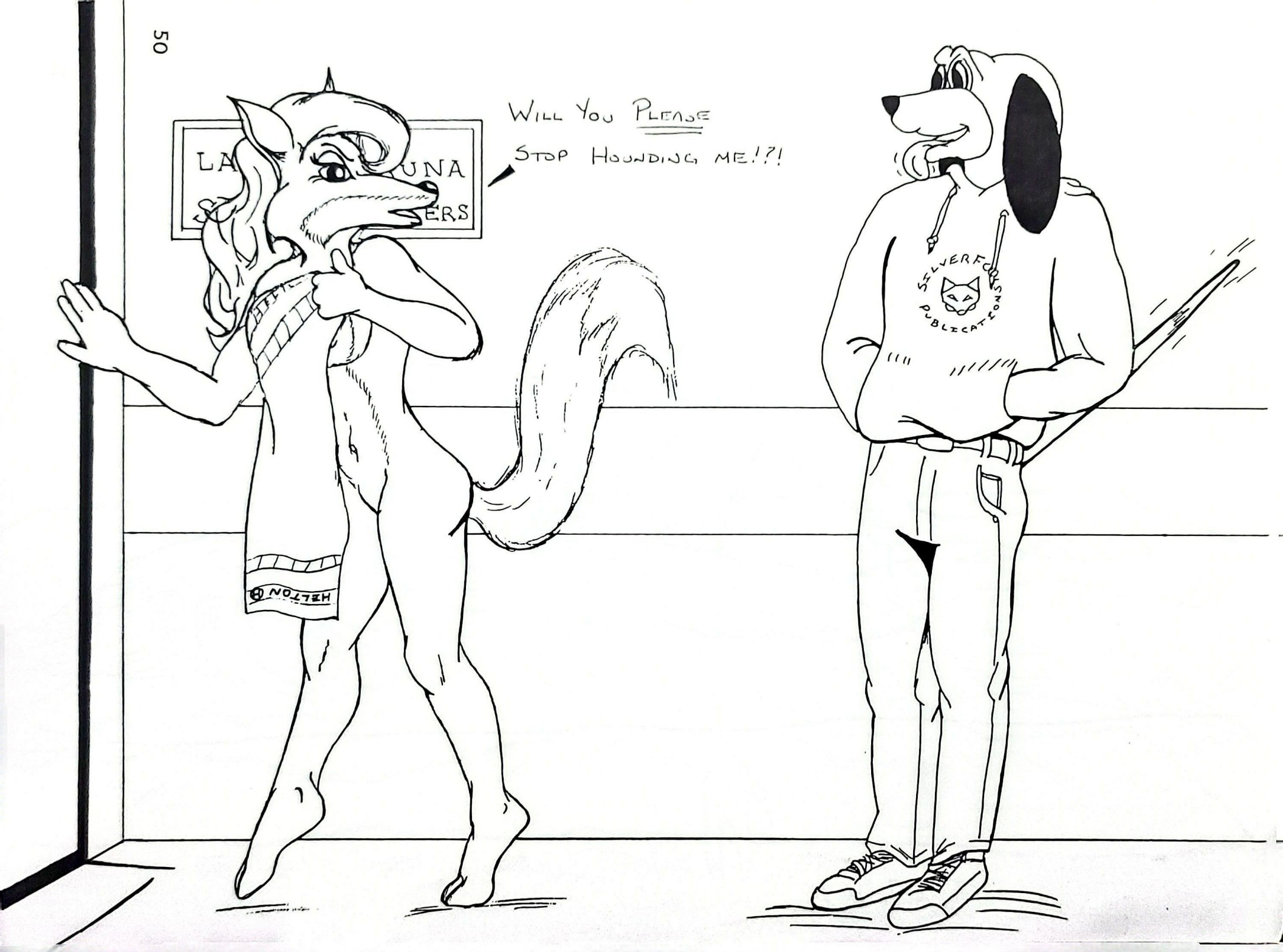

WILL YOU PLEASE
STOP HOUNDING ME!?!
SILVERFOX
PUBLICATIONS

HENRY
8-94

Fuzzy Logic 2

BY BL MILLER

"Once beneath the stars, the Universe was ours,
Love was all we knew, and all I knew was you,
I wonder if you know, I wonder if you think about it
Once upon a time, in your wildest dream.

"And when the music plays,
when the words are touched with sorrow,
And when the music plays,
I hear the sound I had to follow,
Once upon a time in my wildest dream..."

Sometimes in life, strange, unexplainable things happen. Here I was, Skip Miller, a nineteen year old college nerd, sitting in the middle of nowhere holding a half human/half fox woman, trying to comfort her. Keshanti had somehow come into the little hideaway I called Quiet Cove during a freak thunderstorm. All of this happened last night. The light of day brought no explanations

Keshanti looked up at me and said, "Thank you, Skip. For just being here. I don't think I could have gone through something like this alone." Her eyes sparkled with her unshed tears as she hugged me tighter for a moment.

"It's all right, Keshanti. I just hope I can find some way to help get you back to your own home, or world, or whatever." She had the deepest brown eyes I'd ever seen. Wait a minute! What was I thinking?! Keshanti wasn't human. But still she was attractive. Before this line of thought could play itself out in my mind, I let her go, gently, and stirred the camp fire.

Keshanti got up, and walked over to the edge of the pond. I could almost hear what she was thinking. We didn't even know if we were in her world, my world, or some crazy dream world. We were so cut off here....

It was then that it struck me. I had a radio in my portable stereo!! At least we'd know which of **us** was in their rightful world. "Keshanti!" I called.

"Yes?" Her voice sounded full of tears again. I hated to see women cry.

"I have a radio in the shelter. We can at least try it out, to see if we recognize what they're playing and talking about." Keshanti turned back, quickly running a paw across the edge of her muzzle (trying to be unnoticed about it, too. I don't think she liked me seeing her cry.) I got up as well, heading for the plastic tent that served as home. Things were still in disarray from my hasty job of assembling a cot for me to sleep on last night. Keshanti peered over my shoulder as I rummaged through my stuff, spilling my art books and sketches in my haste. "Here it is!" I almost shouted. I don't know how it could have gotten so buried. I mean, it was one of those portable life support blasters, complete with CD unit. I clicked on the FM band, tuning until I found a station.

Keshanti and I held our breath. The familiar strains of Aerosmith's "Love in an Elevator" began pulsing through our clearing. Keshanti poked her head over my shoulder and said, "Do you recognize *that*?"

"Yes, I do. It looks like you are in **my** world, by some strange coincidence." I looked at her, trying to gauge whether she was going to explode again. "But don't worry. I'm sure if we sit down and look at things logically, it will all sort it self out." *'Yeah, and maybe monkeys'll fly out of my ass!'* I thought to myself.

Keshanti sank down to a stool. "Somehow I doubt it, Skip. But thanks for trying." She glanced around her. "I mean, here I am, a Stranger in a Strange Land," she said, grabbing up one of my dog eared books. "I might as well get used to it."

The song ended and the radio cut to the news. The story of the storm last night was a big lead off. *"In local news, the tremendous thunderstorms last night are responsible for more than twenty injuries, and big difficulties moving throughout the county. All motorists are advised to stay clear for emergency vehicles. President Clinton today...."* I cut the radio off. "Well, it looks like we'll be here a while, even if we wanted to leave."

"Oh, Skip! I'm sorry! I mean, well, your provisions and things, I....." Keshanti seemed flustered about being stranded. I wasn't; I wanted to be well away from humanity for a while, anyway. But that attitude wasn't helping her problem. "Don't worry. I've got about enough for two weeks here, for two. I always overpack."

"So do I. My mother was always telling me not to carry half the den around with me!" Keshanti lifted up her backpack. "Even for a day hike, I carry a pack. she giggled, the first truly happy sound I'd heard this fox-girl make. It gave me a warm feeling to here her laugh. Usually when women laughed around me, it was at me.

I glanced around the plastic shelter, looking at the mess I made while searching for the radio. "I guess I could start by cleaning up this pigsty. I need a more comfortable place to sleep than that monstrosity I rigged together last night."

Keshanti looked at me, her head cocked slightly. "What's a *pigsty*?"

"A place to keep pigs. Don't you have pigs where you come from?"

"Uh, no. What do they look like?" I explained to her what a pig was. As we talked the two of us gradually began cleaning, rearranging, rebuilding, and putting things away, until finally it was order out of chaos.

"Whew! That was a chore. It's a good thing you don't have one of those *pigs* living with you! He'd never recognize the place!" Keshanti laughed as she flopped down on the makeshift cot I'd just finished assembling. "It's hot. How 'bout a swim in your lake, Skip? That is, if it's clean and all." She glanced out and seemed to sniff the air a little. "It seems okay."

"I haven't had any problems with it. It should be alright." I stepped out and stretched. "C'mon, but over on the east side. It was deeper there before the storm, and should be plenty deep now."

I walked over to the far side of the pond, skinning off my shirt and glasses as I did. My sandals were next, leaving me only in my shorts. Without glancing back at Keshanti, I yelled, "I'll see if it's deep enough!" I splashed out into the pond and found that I was correct. It had deepened considerably. The cool water closed over my head, bringing much needed relief. As I swam out toward the center, I heard a muffled splash underwater, most likely Keshanti diving in. I surfaced, and shook the water out of my eyes. Keshanti was nowhere to be seen. A closer look showed a dark ripple under the water, heading in my direction.

With a sudden explosion of spray, Keshanti broke water next to me. "Boo!!" she cried, flinging her wet mop of hair behind her. The splash caught me dead in the face, so I fought back with ferocity, splashing as hard as I could. Her giggling and my laughter blended as we water battled each other, until I finally sank beneath the water, too tired to continue.

When I reached the surface, I looked around for Keshanti. I couldn't even find her ripples. A panic set in, unlike I'd ever had over someone, until her paws settled over my eyes. "Guess who?" her sibilant voice whispered in my ear. I couldn't believe anyone could move so quietly, especially with fur soaking up that much water. As we tread water, I could feel her furry body pressed against me. I liked it (Maybe a little too much.) "Uh, excuse me, Keshanti. I, uh, pulled a cramp in my leg." I told her and ducked back beneath the surface, heading for the shore. I was kind of embarrassed about the swift rush of pleasure I got from contact with Keshanti. (I don't know why; maybe because of my lack of experience with women, or my attitude toward humanity. Whatever, I was a little embarrassed and didn't want Keshanti to know.) I crawled up on shore, grabbed my shirt and glasses, and stretched out on the grass. I heard Keshanti splashing toward me.

"Skip?" Her voice held a puzzled note. "Are you okay? I didn't hurt you out there, did I?" She

sounded worried as I heard her climb out of the pond. I rolled over to answer her as she climbed up on the bank. It was then that I noticed. Keshanti looked like she did last night, after the rainstorm, soaked and dripping. Except for one little fact: unlike last night, the only thing she had on was a bikini bottom.

Keshanti had a splash of cream colored fur from the base of her throat to (as far as I could see) her groin area. (I couldn't tell after a certain point. After all, she was wearing a bikini) It bisected the dark red of her fur down the middle of her body and help to accentuate the fact that she had a large set of, well... breasts. She didn't seem the least bit concerned about herself until she noticed my reaction (shock, I suppose. This really was the first time I'd ever seen a woman, even a half fox woman, in this state of dress.) "What's wrong, Skip? Did I do something wrong?!" She seemed on the verge of panic.

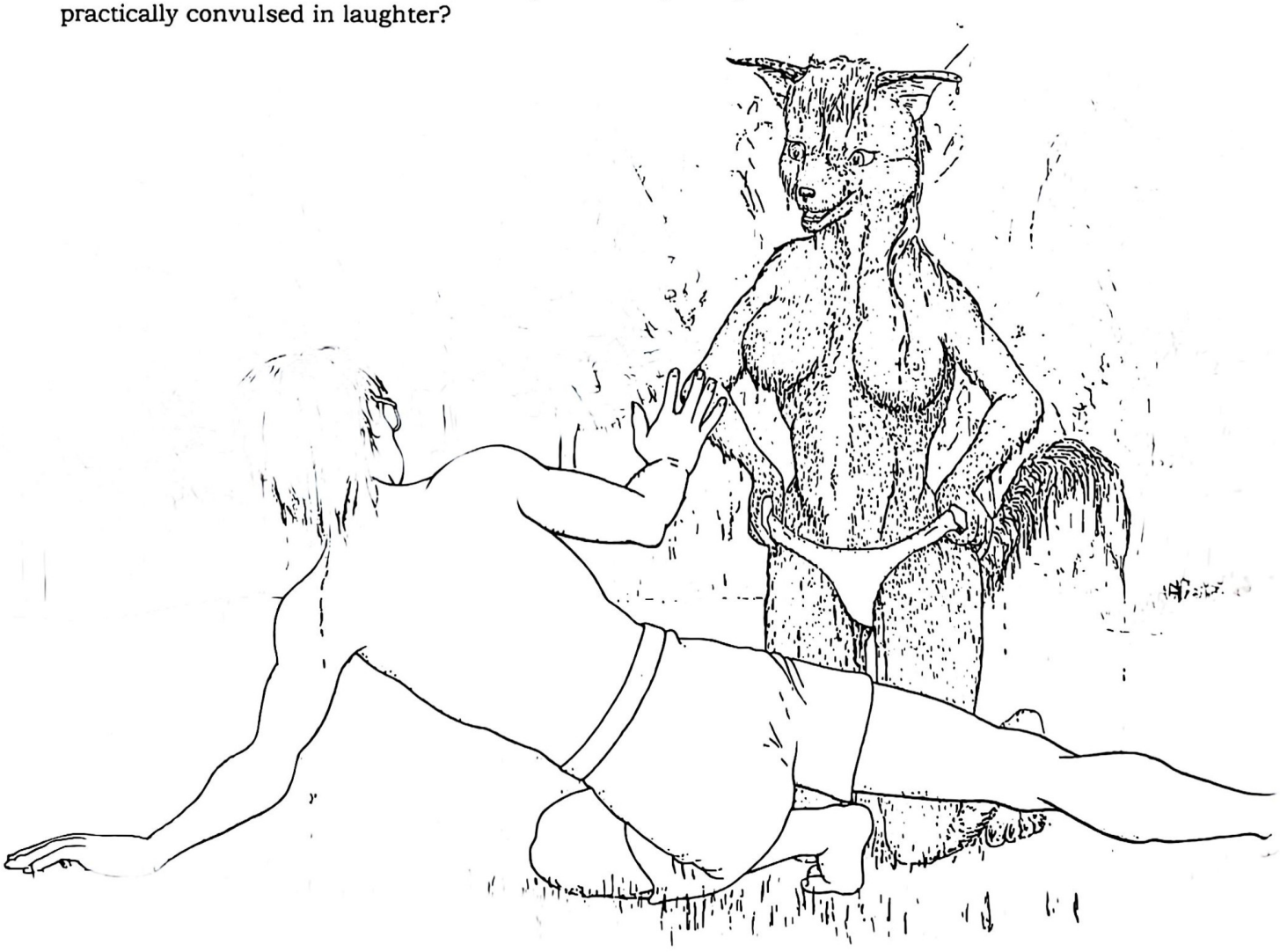
"No, I'm, Uhh, fine. I've, well, I've never been swimming with a woman that's, Uhh, not in a full swimsuit." I know I flushed bright red. I dropped my eyes to one side, not wanting Keshanti to think I was staring.

"What do you mean? I've got my suit on." She knelt down beside me. "Did I make you angry by wearing it? I can take it off..."

"**NO**!!" I practically leaped up. "I mean, Uhh, that's all right. Most women around here have something covering their, Uhh, ..." and I ran my hand down over my chest.

"In Goddess' name, why?" Keshanti seemed amazed, and then busted out laughing. "I'm sorry, Skip. I'm sure it is not funny to you. But that just seems like the stupidest thing I ever heard!!" She was almost rolling now, her tail flipping back and forth as she chortled.

"Well, I, Uhh" I didn't know what to say. What do you say to a half-naked half-fox woman who is practically convulsed in laughter?



Keshanti looked at me, a smile on her muzzle. "I really **am** sorry. Let me slip something on my..." She glanced down and crossed her arms over her chest. "I don't want to make you uncomfortable." She got up, and turned toward the tent. "Be back in a minute. I'd tell you not to peek, but that would be rather facetious!" She giggled as she flipped her tail back at me. I didn't know whether to be shocked or pleased. Keshanti seemed to be getting over the initial shock of being here. But I didn't know how to react to her. She was so different, so beautiful. What was I thinking?

A few minutes later, Keshanti returned, with a long T-shirt covering her to the middle of her thighs. It read, "Spy on a Paranoid". "Is this better?" she asked, a slight smirk on her muzzle.

"You didn't have to go and do that. I was only startled for a moment."

"Right. Your fell was bright red. Could have used it for a rescue beacon."

"My *what*?" I could pretty much figure out what she meant, but maybe it would help me learn more about her if I asked questions.

"Your fell. That's the bare skin under the fur on us. Since you don't have any fur, you must be all fell." She looked me over carefully. "At least, I don't think you have any fur. Your face looks a little hairier than it did last night."

"Oh, that. I just need to shave. We scrape our faces clean here."

"OOOHhhhh!" Keshanti shuddered. "And you said **I** was strange for swimming like that."

"Very funny. How about if I fix lunch?"

"Great!" Keshanti bounded to her feet. "I'm starved!!"

I got up as well, following my red, furry companion. "It'll only take a few minutes. Got any favorites?" I let her paw through my freeze dried. "Ask and you shall receive!"

"How about this one?" she said, holding up a pouch of beef stew. I nodded, and fired up the portable stove to lunch, peace in my heart.

+ + + + + + + + + + +

The day passed quickly for Keshanti and I. Before I knew it, the sun was setting. I looked over at my furry friend, stretched out by the tent, half dozing in the fading light. Keshanti made me feel like I never had before. She was, well, special, even if she was a complete alien to our world. There was just something about her that I just couldn't put my finger on.

Shaking off that line of thought, I roamed down the cove for some branches and sticks. There were plenty of them around after last night's storm. If the past few days were any indication, a nice warm fire would be most welcome tonight. By the time I'd gathered enough, it was almost dark. I dragged my bundle of wood back to the little fire pit I'd dug next to the west hillside. I was throwing it in when Keshanti got up and walked up, rubbing the sleepiness from her eyes.

"Skip? Why didn't you wake me? I would have been glad to help." She stretched and yawned. "After all, I ought to do something to earn my place around here."

"You don't need to, Keshanti. You're a guest. A strangely arrived guest, but a guest nonetheless." I bowed to her, chips of wood falling off of me. "I am glad to be at your service, my lady!"

Keshanti giggled at my display of gallantry. "Thank you, kind one. You do me honor!" She burst out laughing, me joining her. It was a bit overdone, considering our situation. After all, the sight of a skinny guy covered in wood chips, bowing to a fox girl in a long T-shirt was quite ludicrous. Perhaps that's just what was needed. Meet the unusual head on with laughter. I enjoyed watching Keshanti laugh, her eyes sparkling in the last light of the sun. "Come on. If I don't get this thing lit, I'll be lost in the dark."

Quickly I piled everything up in that complicated manner my ex-Marine father always said was good for lighting a fire. (Frankly, it looked like a pile to me. But, whatever worked, eh?) Two matches, a piece of my sketch pad, one burned thumb, and a little swearing later, we finally had a nice blaze going. For a few minutes, we sat, staring into the flames in silence. Both of us seemed lost in their own world.

I got up and walked over to my supplies, pulling out one of my bottles of vodka. A good stiff drink was called for before dinner. I grabbed my cans of orange juice and walked back over to

where Keshanti sat, watching me.

"What's that, Skip?" She waved one paw toward my load.

"It's called vodka. A kind of alcoholic drink. Would you like some?" I didn't know if they had alcohol on Voxxa, but I felt it was impolite not to offer.

"Alcohol? It must be similar to our *vixxawhina*, back home. Sure, I'll take some."

I mixed up a couple of warm screwdrivers, and handed Keshanti hers. "I hope I didn't make it to strong." She sipped it, and busted out in a fit of coughing. I slid over and patted her on the back until she got over her fit. "A bit strong....." She wiped the tears off of her muzzle and cheek. "I guess it is a little bit stronger than back home." With a grin I poured more o.j. into her cup. "This ought to help."

"Thanks, Skip." She tried it again. "That's better. It doesn't taste like I'm drinking fire anymore!"

I sipped my own, enjoying the quiet, the night, and the company. It seemed like hours passed. I refilled our cups several times, feeling an alcoholic fog settle down on my mind. Dinner was forgotten, as if wiped away by the quiet presence of the night. It was as if the world had ceased to be, except for the soft music from my CD player, the crackling of the fire, and the soft whistle of the wind.

"Skip?"

Keshanti startled me by breaking the silence. "Yes?"

"What's it like, here on Earth?"

"What do you mean?"

She sat back a little, and took another sip. "What's your life like? What are **you** like? You're the only person I've met out of your whole world. I want to know more." Her eyes sparkled with curiosity. "I want to know you more."

I took a deep breath. "Well, I go to college here. I'm studying to be a writer, a journalist, maybe an artist. I live in a dormitory with a bunch of other guys roughly my age." I didn't think about explaining any of the terms I was using to Keshanti. She seemed to get the ideas well enough, though. Maybe the vodka helped. "Most of the time, I'm either in class, studying, or working on my art and writing. I don't associate with most of the people on campus very much." I sighed. "I don't get along too well with people, I guess." It felt good to tell somebody how I felt. "It's just that, well, I don't seem to fit in with everybody else. I'm out of step, what we refer to as a complete nerd." I took a healthy jolt off of my drink. "Most people ignore me, or sometimes go out of their way to taunt me. I've kind of grown used to it."

The fire popped and crackled as I fell silent. Another slug let me go on. "Even the people I call friends are really no more than acquaintances. I've never had a real close guy friend, or a girlfriend who didn't go out with me because of a blind date or because she felt sorry for me." I let out a sigh. "That's probably the way my life will go. A bland accounting job, or something. A lonely apartment. God, it all seems so damn **unfair**!!" I almost yelled it. I'd never expressed myself to anyone. Now it was all out in the open, the feelings I'd so long hidden from the world.

Keshanti leaned over, and placed her hand on my arm. I could feel her soft fur and the velvety pad of her hand. "Skip, it's alright. I know how you feel." She glanced back toward the fire. "You see, well..." She trailed off for a moment, taking a slug off her screwdriver. "You see, " she began again. "I'm the same way. Back home, I live in a thirty vixen den, and I'm always the one who got fluffed on. It was always 'We're going out tonight, Keshanti. If you had a todfriend, you could to, giggle, giggle'. It made me hate the sight of them." She glanced back at me. "That's why I was out hiking. I couldn't stand those chattering bitches anymore. Never the right clothes, not knowing what fur striping is in this season, always alone." She sniffled and took another slug of liquor. "I didn't fit in no matter what I did. Like you said, a real nerd." She sniffled again, one tear leaking across her muzzle. "A damnable existence, a dead end career, never finding happiness...."

Suddenly she turned to me. "Then I ended up here, with you! A wonderful tod, uh I mean, man, who really cares." Her velvety brown eyes seemed to bore holes in me. "And I don't think I ever want to go back!" she whispered, closing the distance between us.

"Keshanti, I..." I whispered as her arms slid around me.

"Please, Skip. Call me Shan. I've never had anyone call me that, what I really want. Please don't think I'm too forward, okay?" My arms slid around her as well, gathering Shan close to me. I could feel her fur tickling at my arms as she hugged me tight.

"Shan. May I...."

"Yes!" My face closed the difference between us. It was a damn good thing we were both pretty intoxicated, or our first kiss would have never gotten off the ground. My lips sought out the end of her muzzle. My arms closed around her, pulling her toward me. I wanted Shan, loved her as I never had another person. My beautiful fox let out a quiet moan, deep in her throat. I put my whole essence into that kiss. I felt Keshanti's muzzle part, her tongue flicking against my lips. I let her in, joyously.

My hands explored every bit of her arms, shoulders, back as our tongues danced, sliding against each other. I was gasping for breath in a few moments, the intensity of feeling overwhelming me. My hand slid up behind Shan's head, pressing her to me more firmly. Her muzzle parted even farther, a kind of bite around my mouth. I could hear the rasping of her breath as her hand slid up my chest and out to my cheek. She leaned back, gently breaking the connection as her eyes slowly opened. "I've never, ever done this before, Skip. But I can't help myself." She seemed to swell up slightly. "I love you, Skip, as crazy as it sounds. You're so strange and alien, but I love you!"

My heart leapt with joy as I stared into the eyes of this beautiful alien. "Shan, I love you, too. Nothing can explain it, but I'll love you forever, with all my heart and soul!" With that I drew her close to me, her muzzle sliding to one side to lick at my ear. It sent a shiver down me as I ran my hand through her tangle of blonde hair. She slid her head back, pressing her thin dark lips to mine again. Her mouth parted, again seeking me. I responded in kind, my tongue questing for her.

Keshanti pushed over closer to me, her hands sliding to my waist. I couldn't figure out what she was doing, until I felt her pads on the bare skin of my stomach. She almost giggled through our kiss. I broke away and asked her, "What's wrong?"

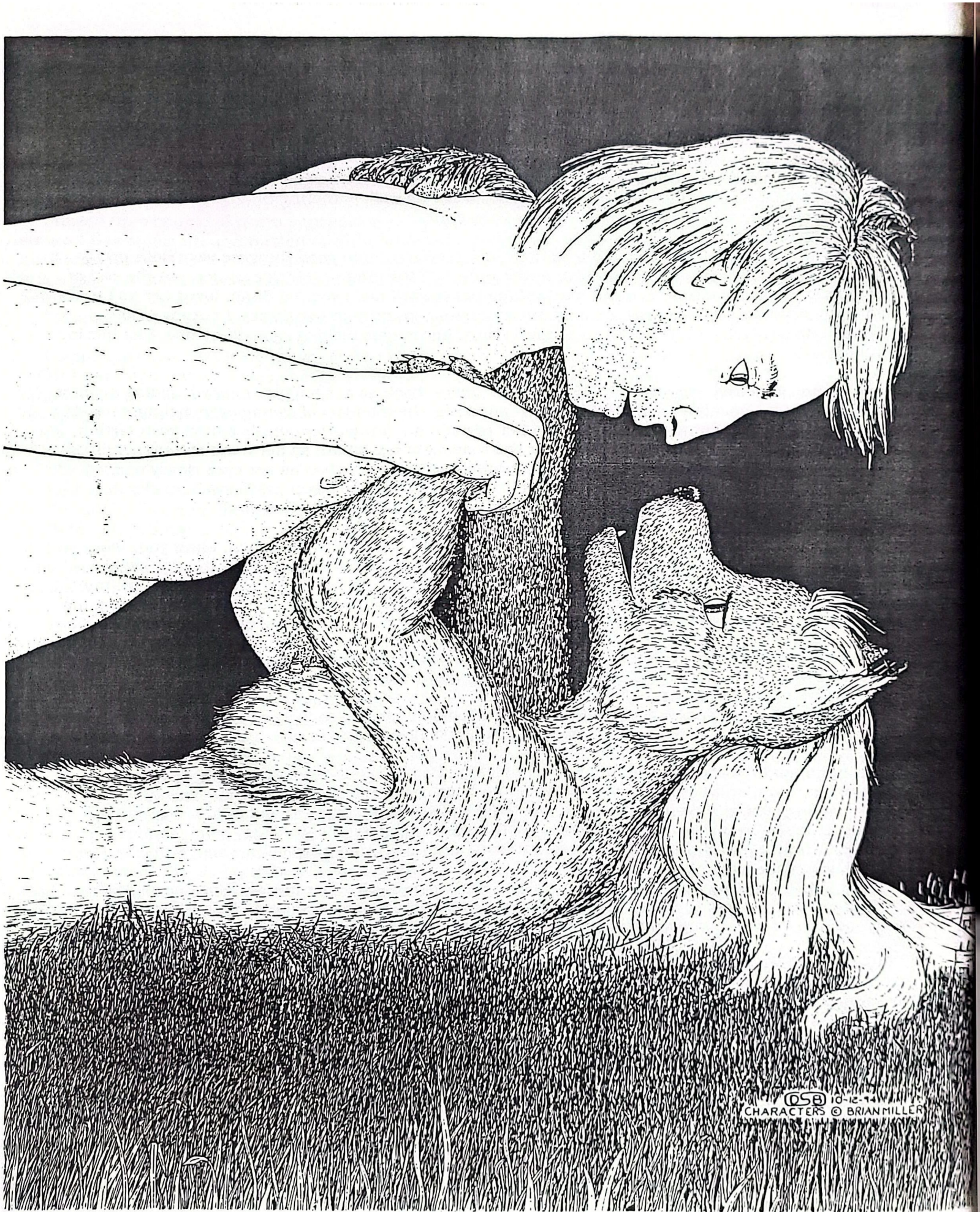
"It's just that, well, you're so *smooth*! I've never touched anyone so <u>furless</u>." Shan slid her hands up under my shirt again. "I like how you feel, Skip." She leaned her muzzle back into me.

Her hands didn't stop with sliding under my shirt. Before I could even protest, it was on the ground next to us, and Keshanti was stroking my bare chest. Her lips slid over my cheek, her tongue trailing over me. Well, turnabout was fair play. As Shan lapped at my neck, I sneaked my hand down to the front hem of her T-shirt. I slid under it, tickling the fur of her stomach around her belly button. Shan huffed into my neck as she flexed her tummy away from me. "Stop that, you tickle!" she whispered.

"Oh, really?" I my hand a little higher, ending under the swell of her breast. "How about now?"

"**That** doesn't tickle!" she whispered in my ear, followed by a moist tongue. "Skip." She hesitated for a moment. "I won't stop you, you know" Her arms tightened around me.

I cautiously slid my hand up onto her left breast. She wasn't wearing a bra or anything like that. All I felt was Shan's fur, and the beating of her heart. My heart was going just as fast as I caressed her. It was Keshanti's turn to shiver as I edged over her nipple, erect under my hand. "Ooohhh..." she whispered as I kissed the side of her face, along the edge of her muzzle, down onto her lips. My left hand sneaked under her shirt to join its' partner. This time it was her turn to wonder where her clothes went. I looked at Keshanti, accented in the glow of the firelight, clad only in red and cream fur and shorts. I'd never seen anyone more beautiful, more desirable. I pulled her to me, her fur against my skin as I kissed her, driving my tongue deep into her muzzle, trying to suck the very air out of her lungs.


CSB 10-12-94
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We stayed that way for quite some time. I don't have a clue as to what passed. Armageddon could have come and gone and I'd have missed it. We explored each other, body and soul. Neither one's hands were still, mouths connecting and parting as we embraced. Whispers of love passed between us. As the fire light died down, Keshanti looked up at me. Her eyes glowed in the red light from the fire. With a quiet whisper, she asked me, "Skip? Will you make love to me?"

I thought for a moment. The answer was simple. "Of course, my love. Without hesitation."

We rose together, like a single being. Her hands sought out my belt as I slid off her shorts. Within moments, we lay together in the soft grass, nothing between us but our love. The dampness of the earth was forgotten as we melded together, our mouths fusing and parting, our bodies sliding against one another. We cuddled and caressed for a while. I couldn't get over the feeling of Shan's fur against me. The memory would stay with me always, of taking the beautiful vixen in my arms, holding her close, making her fears and hurts go away as I enfolded her in my love.

Keshanti rolled over onto her back. Her arms went up in the air, beckoning me. "Please, Skip. Make love to me now." I settled onto her, my weight pressing her down. "Are you sure..."
"**YES!**" I slid between her thighs and with a gentle motion, we were joined as one.

I won't go into all the details; some things I feel should be left between lovers. But I've never felt anything like it in my life. We moved together as one soul. Keshanti was truly like an animal at some points. (She even growled at me.) But her body welcomed me as did her spirit. I became intimately aquatinted with every detail of my beautiful Shan, as she did with me. She had this one place, just under her breast that made her go....well, anyway, Shan loved it. We made love softly, then hard and quick, blending our motion together in a rhythm of life. Finally, Keshanti's voice rang throughout the clearing, mine joining her as we climaxed in each other's arms.

In the dying light of the fire, we lay together in our own glow, the bittersweet afterglow of lovemaking. Shan snuggled against me, coming into the circle of my arms. I never felt more content in my life. If I died right there, I'd have felt my life was fulfilled by the joining of my soul with Keshanti.

Shan whispered up to me, "I love you Skip. You've made me so happy! I don't ever want to leave you, even if it means never going home again!" Her arms tightened around me convulsively, as if by pure force she would not be parted from me.

"I love you too, darling Shan! I'd cross hell itself to get you! I don't want you to ever go, either!" I tickled my hand into her cream colored splash, between her breasts. She smiled and wiggled, "Naughty tod!" and smacked my hand.

"Oh? You didn't think so just a little while ago!" I nuzzled into her throat, grasping it in my teeth. "Be good, or I'll bite you, little fox!" Shan laid her head back. "Go ahead. I surrender myself to you!"

"I thought you already did that!" I laughed. Shan joined in snuggling back against me. How could I have known twenty four hours ago that a beautiful alien creature would literally fall into my life, taking my heart away? I loved Keshanti more than life itself. But one sobering thought remained to plague me, hidden in the back of my mind. I still didn't know how Shan got here. What happened if it occurred again, taking her away? I pulled her closer, trying to drive the thought away. "I love you, darling Shan!" I whispered again, feeling her relax as she drifted off to sleep in my arms.

"You Wildest Dreams" by the Moody Blues is ©1986by Bright Music Ltd.
Artwork by © David Bliss1994
Characters © Brian Miller
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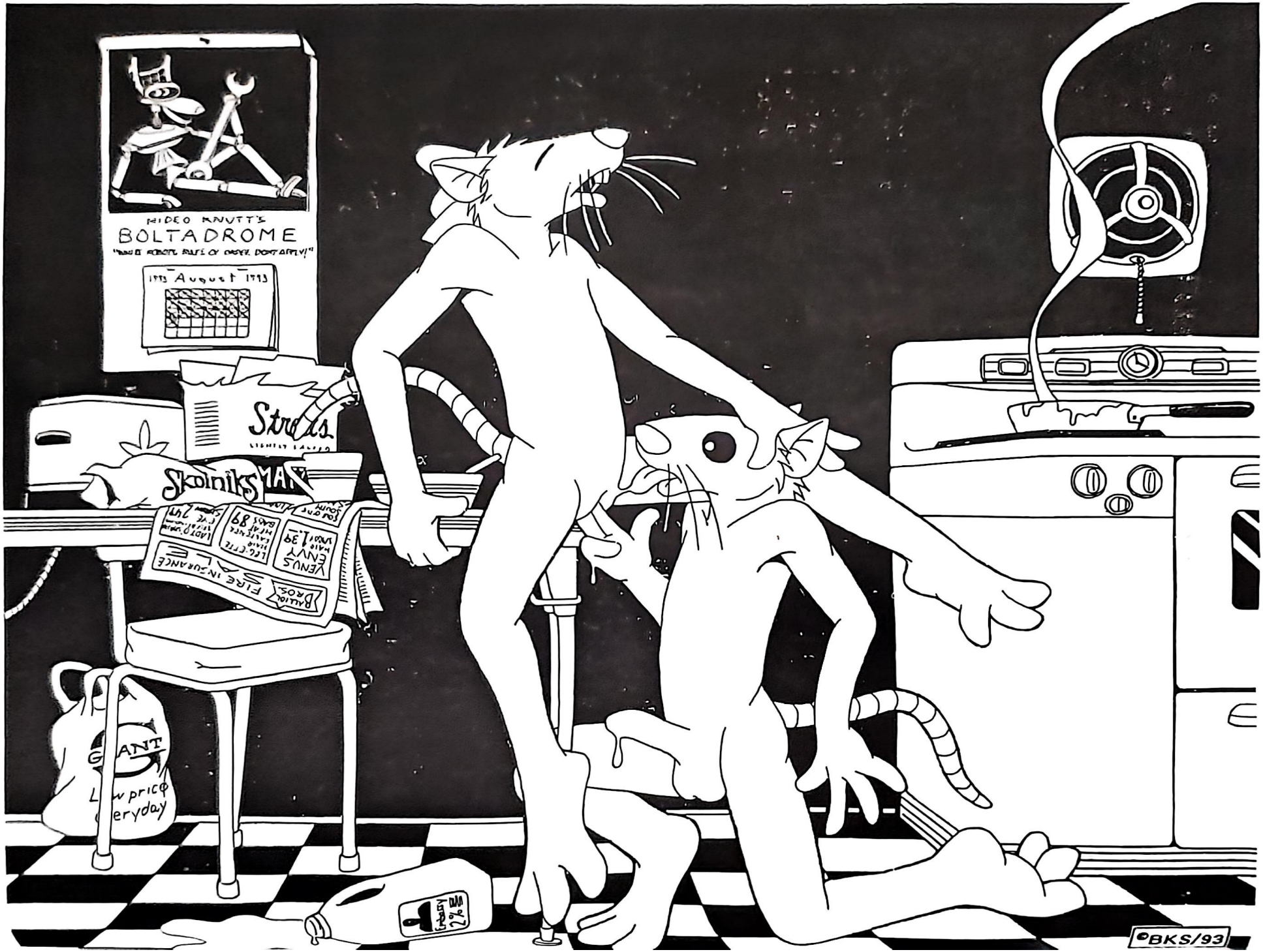
Lab 3: Feline mixed breed bitch with own juvenile offspring
→Keep restrained!
Stated Lab 2
· vivisection (both)
· sex drives
· parental motives
· H reakholds
· destroy after 8/10
Fetzig
9·3
94


HIDEO KNUTT'S
BOLTADROME
1993 August 1993
Skoinks MAG
VENUS ENVY
FIRE INSURANCE
GIANT
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Fox Bytes:

Some stops along the Information Superhighway

Greetings, technofurs!! The ol' Fox returns with the new, updated listing of Furry style bulletin boards for all you computer line cruisers. I'd like to thank Mark Freid for the majority of the list as well as nameless others who run, patronize, and otherwise support our information lines. A special thank you to America On-Line™, my favorite prowling grounds. As always, SilverFox Publications takes no credit (or responsibility) for these BBS (There's a bunch of nuts out there. Mostly harmless. Not always).

SilverFox!! :>

BOARD NAME:	PHONE:	BASED OUT OF:
The Tigers Den	1-714-530-2554	Orange County, Ca
Stormgate Aerie	1-310-822-6729	West Los Angeles County
Wandering Wolf	1-503-246-3684	Oregon
Changewinds	1-513-752-8431	SW Ohio (Cincinnati)
Super Deformed	1-404-333-8554	Georgia, Atlanta Area
Dragon's Cave	1-206-752-4160	Western Washington State
North STAR BBS	1-408-247-7827	Calif. Central Coast (San Jose)
Shadowfox	1-510-452-3551	Oakland, California
Clawmarks	1-510-452-0350	Oakland, California
NVARNG	1-702-887-7352	Nevada
The Trap Line	1-416-588-2964	Toronto Area, Canada
The Matrix	1-804-323-6635	Southern Virginia (Richmond)
The Mystic Order	1-804-495-0612	Southern Virginia (Richmond)
The Time Machine	1-804-599-6401	Southern Virginia (Richmond)
T.O.U.P. BBS	1-914-354-7499	S.E. New York (White Plains)
Fvrcvs Maximvs	1-215-483-4047	Pennsylvania (Philadelphia)
United Front	1-718-886-6797	New York City
NCC 4017	1-904-678-3503	Northern Florida
Gardens/Avalon	1-210-308-9579	Texas (San Antonio)
Naorhy Republic	1-210-670-0501	Texas (San Antonio)
Pentarou! Ent.	1-815-654-7956	Northern Illinois (Rockford)
Ragazine BBS	1-704-734-1453	Las Vegas, Nevada
Golden Realm	1-818-222-9573	Los Angeles, California
Brass Cannon	1-602-639-1039	Arizona

If you know of any additions, subtraction's, or corrections for any of these listings, please drop us a line, and we'll be glad to make the change!!

In addition, if you would like to reach any of our contributors, or send a letter to our magazine by e-mail, write to us at: **Sylverfox@aol.com** (please note capitalization; system is very picky!). I'll be glad to pass it on to the appropriate furs or publish your letters in our letters column. We also try and run a Furry On-line Conference about once a month if you are on AOL, and other nets also have these services available I am told. Feel free to join us. Just e-mail me at the above address and we'll add your name to the furchain, for notification of the next conference time and date. That wraps up another FoxBytes! In the future, we hope to have reviews of Furry electronics (such as videos, games, and programs) so be on the lookout. Beep at ya soon!!!

SilverFox Publications Advertisements

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Mark Freid

Cartoonist☺Illustrator

For Commission rates, contact me at:

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SilverFox Publications

We are looking for you!! As an APAzine type magazine, we are always searching for new and established artists, writers, and comic book art. Many of our readers have become submitters to SFP, and the next one could be you!! Write for a copy of our submission policy!!

❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖

Ladies of Furrottica #1
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The SilverFox artists have assembled their work into two limited edition folios. Each one consists of 12 hard cardstock plates, 8½ x11", each individually signed by their artists, in a serially numbered storage envelope. Truly a collector's item, these plates show the work of the first wave of Team SilverFox artists. Each retails for the low price of **$6.50** plus **$1.50** s/h. If you order both together, SFP will pick up the postage (a **$3.00**) value. Order today, supplies are limited!

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If you haven't seen Ted's work, check out Furrlough from Antarctic Press. Ted also does cartoon, parody, and other commission work. Write for prices, or just drop him a line!

Some Final Yips.....

Again, the Apologies...

Inadvertently, while putting together number two, I insulted one of our contributors. I misspelled his name:

Bryon Havranek

is his actual name, and I do regret the lack of proofreading that led to this. Please, don't sue!

Some words on life...

I've been surfing the Internet for a number of months now, and I've been watching an interesting little arguement about ConFURence 5. It seems that a crowd of zooies (those who enjoy humans *with* animals) were there along with the morphs (those whole enjoy human animals). I think it's funny, the argument. After all, most of the furry pictures I've seen (the most popular, anyway) are rather spooge. I really can't see a hell of alot of difference! "To each his own!" said the old woman as she kissed the cow..

You decide!

Some cheap admiration for some of my favorites...

Thanks to all of my contributors. Without you, we'd not be in buisness.

But also, I'd like to thank some others like Jim Groat, Shon Howell (I was very sorry to hear about your illness. I hope the Goddess smiles on you..), Steve Gallaci, Ted Sheppard, Terrie Smith, Juan Alfonso, Taral Wayne, Bill Fortier, and Elf Sternberg. You've been a great inspiration to me.

Why all the dirty animals?...

Who the hell cares?

Some plugs...

(No, not butt plugs!) Try the Rude Roos and Dirty Deer collection by Stag Party Productions. A riot all the way around....

Also, January is Furry Month at Capitol Comic Distributors, so there should be some nice stuff on the market. (There tribute to ConFURence!)

A freebee!!...

The SilverFox himself will be at ConFURence 6. If you spot me, ask me for a freebee, and I'll be glad to give you one of our plates, free, gratis!!(I just like talking to people.) This offer does not apply while I'm sitting at the dealers table!

Why am I still writing?...

Congratulations to Fur-Tasticon! I'm glad the East Coast's priamry furry convention did well in its' first run. Hopefully, I'll be able to *attend* in the future and not just send my ashcan copies for all of you. Cheers!

Still reading?.....

Well, if your still here, you're pretty dedicated. Send us a note saying that you read this message (mention the word Werewolfing) and I'll send you a nice furry picture, all your own. Offer valid from Nov. 1994 through Jan 31, 1995.

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